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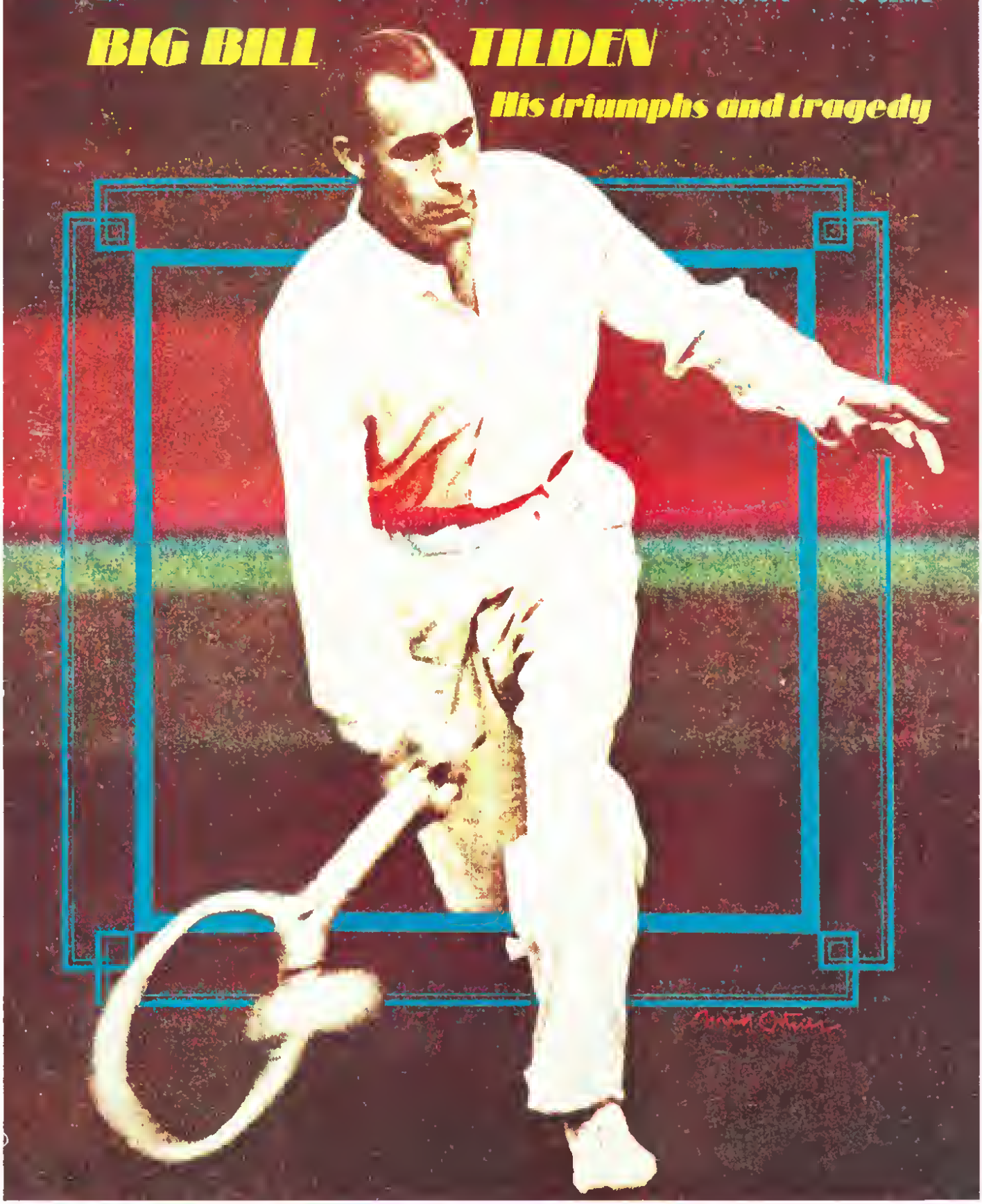
Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 13, 1975 75 CENTS

BIG BILL TILDEN

His triumphs and tragedy



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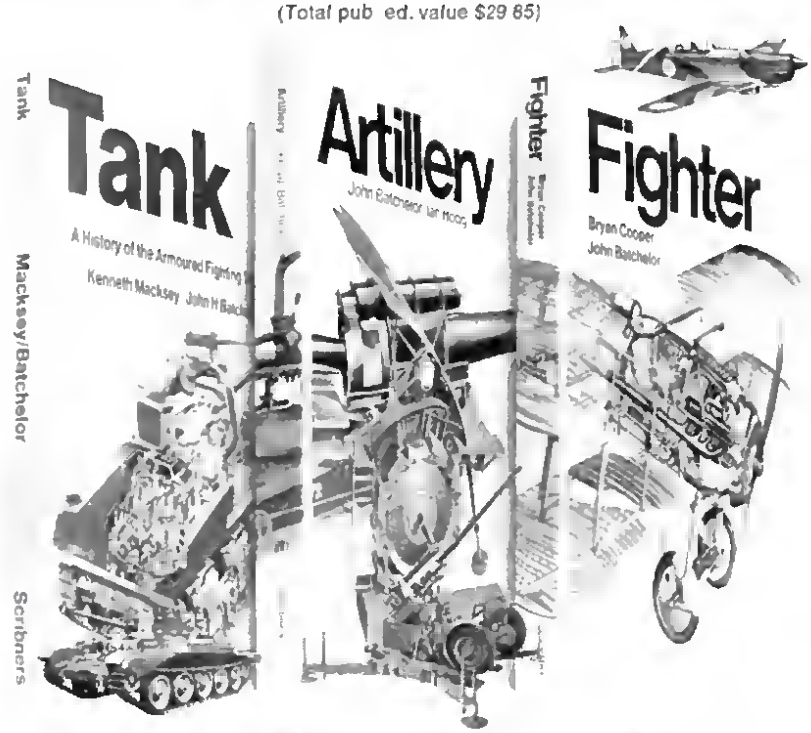

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Next Week

SEE YA LATER, alligator, but in what numbers? Protected as an endangered species, gators are multiplying so fast in Florida and Louisiana that people and pets may need protection of their own, Edwin Shrake reports

A RECKLESS BAND forgathers at St Moritz every year at this time to belly-whop the Cresta Run and to toast the daredevilry with champagne Researching his story, William O Johnson did a little of both

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Big Bill Tilden towered over tennis in his day as no one has since. But as Senior Writer Frank Deford researched the two-part account of Tilden's bizarre life and sad end that begins on page 50, he found that few of today's tennis players know who Tilden really was.

"He was a fascinating man, a complex man," says Deford. "He was interested in music, theater, literature. He was a fine bridge player and he dominated tennis in his prime more than any man has ever dominated a sport. He didn't lose a single match of significance for *six* years. Babe Ruth was closest to him because Ruth, too, changed the nature of his sport. But Ruth did it with his body. Tilden made a science of tennis. He invented stratagems, he explored new depths. Maybe some of today's players—Rod Laver at his best—could beat him, but they have been able to build on what Tilden invented."

DEFORD: A FASCINATING RE-CREATION

Deford's interest in Tilden, piqued several years ago by stories Don Budge told him when he and Budge were working on a book, developed into a labor of compassion as Deford traveled from Philadelphia, Tilden's birthplace, to Hollywood, London and Madrid in pursuit of those who remember William Tatem Tilden II. He corresponded with actor Joseph Cotton, who befriended Tilden in his later years, he visited Tilden's longtime friend, actress Peggy Wood, he talked with former Phillie Richie Ashburn, a native of Tilden, Neb. and a fervid collector of anything that concerns Bill Tilden.

"I've never been so engrossed in anything," Deford says. "One night, after I had spent several days reading clips in a library, I woke up and thought Tilden was in the room with me."

While Deford came across many excellent newspaper accounts of Tilden's matches, he found little about Big Bill himself. The principal reason was Tilden's homosexuality, which was well-known in tennis and press circles, but was kept from the general public until Tilden's first arrest in Los Angeles in 1946. "For one thing," says Deford, "sports coverage wasn't what it is today. There was much less written about personalities. Allison Danzig said he covered Tilden for 15 or 20 years for *The New York Times* but knew him very slightly. And there were taboos. You couldn't even mention pregnancy in the *Times* then, much less homosexuality."

Tilden's only surviving relatives, a niece in London and a nephew in New Jersey, feeling that the memory of their uncle had been maligned disproportionately, assisted Deford from the beginning. "They felt," he says, "that if I did a conscientious job, that Tilden, warts and all, would profit more than he'd lose."

What began as a magazine piece is now being expanded into a book that Simon & Schuster will publish early next year. Deford believes he has interviewed everyone who knew Tilden well but hopes that publication of the articles may scare up a few more sources. "I'd like to talk to a Bill Quinn who was a child actor in a Broadway play with Tilden," he says.

As to what Big Bill himself would think of all this, Deford speaks with assurance: "Tilden would be delighted to have a story—he was very vain. But he wouldn't *like* the story. Bill Tilden wouldn't *like* any story about himself."

Jack Meyer

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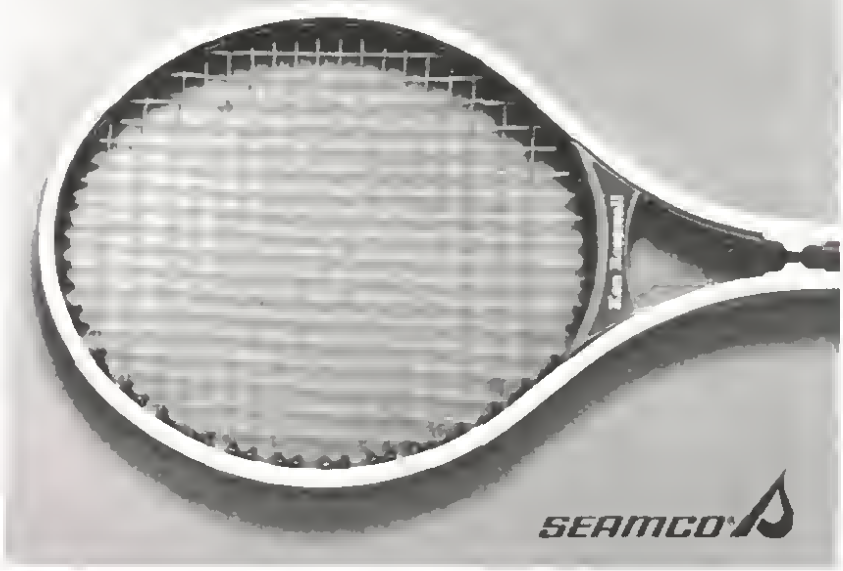


BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

IT'S THE BOOK OF THE MONTH, THOUGH THE NOVEL BOMBS ON THE 50-YARD LINE

The dust jacket of *Black Sunday*, by Thomas Harris (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $7.95), a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, displays a football stadium shadowed by a blimp and also carries an ominous warning from the publisher. "Do not begin this novel unless you are prepared to finish it in one sitting. . ."

Well, that's a challenge that even the most jaded book reviewer can't resist, so I plunged into *Black Sunday* one evening, fully expecting to be (as they say) riveted to my seat for several suspenseful hours. I finally finished the thing, with a huge sigh of relief, two days and two interminable sittings later. *Black Sunday* is a bore.

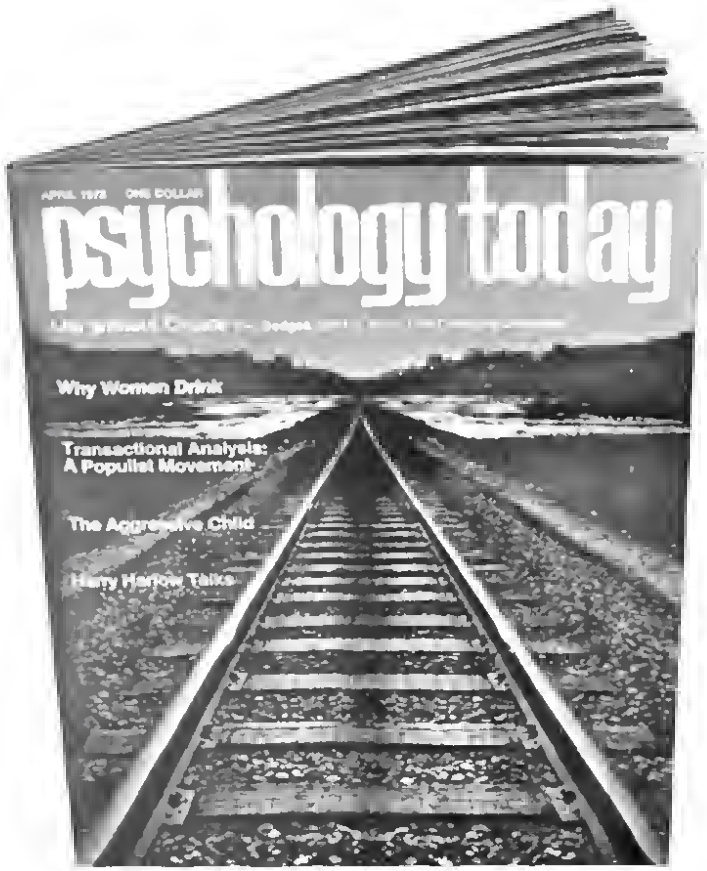
The novel has a certain horrible plausibility, to be sure. An Arab terrorist group, determined to bring its cause before the world, chooses the Super Bowl as its target. In odd alliance with an unhinged American who is scheduled to pilot the television blimp hovering over Tulane Stadium, the terrorists plan to wipe out the crowd of 80,000, *including the President of the United States*, by dropping an awesome payload of plastic explosive on the 50-yard line. They expect the televised catastrophe to bring the world to its knees.

That may seem farfetched, but the willingness of Arab terrorists to go to any lengths was amply demonstrated by Munich, Lod Airport and Maalot. By the same token, the Super Bowl could well be a sitting duck for any brand of nuts hell-bent on making a gruesome grandstand play.

But if the basic material of *Black Sunday* has dramatic promise, Harris has managed to make the worst of it. He has jammed the novel with stock characters: the voluptuous Arab temptress, the stolid Israeli agent, the slogan-spouting terrorists, the wily international operatives, and an American weirdo straight out of *The Manchurian Candidate*. Not one character engages any interest and so many of them flit in and out of the pages that keeping track of them is as difficult as sorting out the cast of a Russian epic.

Beyond that, the writing is dismal. In the guise of wisdom, Harris offers gibberish: "When pain and rage reach levels far above the mind's capacity to cope, a curious relief is possible but it requires a partial death."

If you want to slog through all that to reach the novel's unsurprising conclusion, help yourself. But I bet it takes you more than one sitting to do it. END



The case for bottling up rage Many therapists trace man's violence to bottled-up anger But now a psychologist has marshalled evidence to show that venting violent emotions merely strengthens the tendency to behave in violent ways

Mixed marriages. An in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage reveals problems with family, friends and community, and undercuts misconceptions

Emotional effects of jogging. When middle-aged men embark upon a regular exercise program, it has been found, their personalities change They become more self-sufficient, resolute, stable, and imaginative But they also have increased feelings of guilt and become accident-prone

Backstage behaviorism A psychologist who studied acting and directing describes Lee Strasberg's school of Method Acting and explains the scientific control of behavior that is as important to the Stanislavski method as it is to key-pecking pigeons

The many masks we wear. If you seem like different people at different times does that mean you're a phony or wishy-washy? A noted psychologist argues that on the contrary having multiple identities is healthy and should be encouraged

Men drive women crazy. Women, brainwashed by society, are more likely to require psychotherapy than men are A New York psychologist says that psychotherapists—both male and female—hold up as desirable for women those characteristics that they would never associate with healthy adults

Brainwashing works. In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work

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ART TALK

by PAT JORDAN

LEROY NEIMAN'S WORK REVEALS HIM, IN SOME WAYS, AS A CARBON-PAPER DALI

Recently, under the glazed stare of stuffed deer heads in the Hunt Room of New York's "21" Club, LeRoy Neiman, who is "America's Superstar Artist," according to his press release, presented himself and his just-published book of artwork, *LeRoy Neiman Art & Life Style* (Felicie, $35), to friends and critics. In addition to his paintings and drawings (underlined with comments so the reader can best appreciate what he is viewing), Neiman's book also contains a commentary on his life-style ("I am drawn to affectations"), a biography written in the staccato cadences of a Walter Winchell news bulletin, and a plethora of photographs of Neiman with his famous subjects. He is shown sketching an imperious Mae West and a bemused Muhammad Ali; on the back of an uninterested camel; hugging Ethel Kennedy; smiling with Joe Namath; swinging a bat with Johnny Bench.

Neiman began his art career in sewing rooms, as a fashion illustrator for designers like Yves St. Laurent. His work appeared in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Bride's Magazine*. Over the years, through persistence and the cultivation of a highly distinctive style—he is known as "a flamboyant colorist"—he became a personality as gaudy as those he portrays. In fact, at a poor showing of the New York Jets one Sunday in Shea Stadium, fans began to yell, "Put LeRoy in!" Often, Neiman's mere presence at an event overshadows it and the work he produces there. Such status now brings him as much as $25,000 for a painting. He is best known for his sporting canvases and lithographs.

"LeRoy has style," said a publisher of coffee-table books while sipping a drink at "21." "He discovered it 10 years ago and it's made him a lot of money. He's a very wealthy man you know, extremely. He has some beautiful suits. Still, I don't think he's put his soul into a painting in 10 years."

At 44, Neiman has a lion's mane of lustrous black hair, a surprisingly wispy, upcurled mustache and pale, puffy good looks. Perpetually clamped between his teeth or propped between his fingers is a long, thin cigar the length of an artist's paintbrush. Maddeningly, the cigar never seems to diminish. Like plastic firewood, it appears to be an electronic prop that never sheds an ash.

Neiman's friend and mentor, Salvador Dali, is also a believer in image-making props and elaborate mustaches, and, like Dali, Neiman has been accused by critics of expending more energy on the creation of his public character than on his art. The energy is not entirely misspent. His personal flamboyance obscures deficiencies in his art. At best, he is only an adequate draftsman. His outrageous use of colors tends to divert viewers from the ambiguity of his line. For example, Neiman's painting of blacks in motion on pages 200-201 of his book is nothing more than color on a black background. The figures are frozen. It is only the splashed colors that give an illusion of movement, really a spasmodic twitching. The viewer's eyes flit from color to color so that when he leaves the painting he remembers those essentially static figures being jerked about like poorly manipulated string puppets.

It is ironic that Neiman's reputation is most firmly rooted in his portrayal of athletes and sport, since his most glaring defect is his inability to impart any sense of motion to figures. To create a sense of speed in his watercolor of hockey players skating down ice (page 203), Neiman resorts to the cartoonist's trick of drawing lines out of the backs of his figures, suggesting movement that the figures themselves lack. Only his sketches of athletes in repose, most especially standing during the playing of the national anthem, capture feeling and the moment: his sketches of Willis Reed, hands clasped behind his back, head bowed (page 267), and Bill Russell, his tiny head pitched forward and tilted slightly upward like a belligerent crane's (page 269), are particularly effective.

Even one of Neiman's better works, a sketch of two wrestlers entwined on a canvas (page 227), lacks a sense of stress and strain. The men appear to have methodically and effortlessly wrapped themselves around each other at the direction of the artist, and then held that pose while he worked. Still, this is a fine drawing, one in which Neiman discards the crutch of color and sketches in pencil. On the rare occasions when he works in colder, more revealing, black and white, Neiman forces himself to take greater pains, and that effort shows.

The feeling one gets that most of his figures are posing is understandable enough when one recalls his background as a fashion illustrator. In fact, Neiman seems unable to shake that background, seems merely to look, without seeing, at his models, and then draw from memory. His women all resemble elongated fashion models except that they are much more full-breasted, like Barbie Dolls or maybe cartoons of Bunnies in *Playboy*, a publication for which Neiman does much work. In the end, one leaves Neiman's book with the impression that his figures and their poses are merely clichés, splashed with discordant color but otherwise perfectly suitable for a Bloomingdale's advertisement on the pages of *The New York Times*. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

TRADE-OFF WITH NATURE

The results were about as expected When the dust had settled over the Mohave Desert several weeks ago, the motorcyclists and the environmentalists were back at the same old standoff.

The event had begun in an eerie silence as 1,000 "expert" rated riders tensed for the mass start of the 155-mile Barstow-to-Las Vegas Hare and Hound race sponsored by the San Gabriel Valley Motorcycle Club. On a signal, the morning burst into a fury of shrieking engines and blinding, choking dust. Quickly, the horde headed for the smoke bomb marking the course. A crew checked the first mile for injured riders and broken bikes, and then the cacophony was repeated as a second wave of 2,000 "novice" riders growled into the desert.

Add to the scene 12,000 or so spectators with their cars and campers and, at the fringes, clusters of naturalists, fearful of the terrible impact of the race on the fragile Mohave. Before issuing a permit this year, the Bureau of Land Management released an Environmental Impact Study that claimed: "To date, 4,675 acres of wildlife habitat have been lost [because of] the Barstow-Las Vegas race. An additional loss of 478 acres is anticipated from this event."

Vegetation-recovery estimates range from one to 10 years for annuals and to as much as centuries for other species. Some areas may never recover. Many animals become candidates for predators and starvation as they search for quieter areas. After previous races animals have been found with burst eardrums, and the BLM report says that whole species are threatened with extinction.

The recent race was a compromise. Clubs like the Brush Busters and the Dustmakers no longer are permitted to ride off in any direction for as long as their fuel holds out. Banning the race altogether might encourage some motorcyclists to go back to their old foraging ways on the desert or join the Hell's Angels on the highways and scare the wits out of all of us. But rather than the mass start, environmentalists suggest compromising further with an "enduro"—a limited number of riders starting a few at a time and running at reduced speeds. This might take some of the fun out of the sport—but it would certainly be a lot gentler on the wilderness.

SLOWING DOWN

A man in the audience was curious.

"How many goals," he asked the speaker, Babe Pratt, a Vancouver Canuck official and a former NHL star, "would Cyclone Taylor score in a season in today's watered-down NHL?"

"Seven or eight," Pratt said.

"How can you say that?" the man argued. "Taylor was one of the greatest players who ever lived."

"You've got to remember," said Pratt, "the man is 90 years old."

FATHERS' DAYS

The stirrings on New Year's Day in and about Walter Jeffords' Faraway Farm on a hilltop near Lexington, Ky. were reminiscent of an *accouchement* at the court of Louis XIV. My Card, a mare whose three foals that are racing are all winners, delivered a fine filly, a thoroughbred foal by Secretariat. Next day at nearby Walmac Farm, Secretariat's stablemate, Riva Ridge, was father of another filly.

Luck was riding with the owners of both foals. Secretariat's firstborn thoroughbred will be the oldest 3-year-old eligible for the 1978 Kentucky Derby, and Riva Ridge's is right behind. Had they been born but one and two days earlier, they would have been the youngest in the class of '77.

From the owners' standpoint both foals enjoy a further advantage in being fillies. While few colts follow in their illustrious fathers' footsteps—and therefore depreciate in value as their careers progress—because of the dominance of bloodlines in the female of the species, mares remain valuable even if they do not win many races. And as far as that is concerned, it will be two years yet before the horse-racing world will know for sure whether that old maxim holds true—like father, like daughter.

YOU COULD LOOK IT UP

Johnny Rudgers, the Heisman Trophy winner at Nebraska in 1972 and now star of the Grey Cup champion Montreal Alouettes, is one celebrity who sees no need for an unlisted telephone number. You can find him in the Montreal book under "J"—"J R. Superstar, Ltd."

EELY IDYLL

The story sounded fishy, but the reporter from the Auckland, New Zealand *Herald* decided to check anyway. Eventually he found himself at a century-old guest

house tucked away at the far end of a long beach.

"It's a pleasant place," he wrote, "run by very friendly people who have two well-mannered cats, a frisky dog and the most charming eels one could hope to meet on a Sunday afternoon jaunt from Auckland.

"Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Andrew, the proprietors, and their children, Warren and Rowena, say that they are the most incredible eels they have come across.

" 'They come right out of the water at dinner time to be fed and they just love having their tummies rubbed.'

"The eels confirmed the Andrews' claim and the reporter . . . spent a pleas-

continued

ant summer afternoon with a dog and two cats in a dinghy chatting with intelligent eels."

Makes you eel good all over.

BLOOD ON THE TRAIL

If the Super Bowl is famous for anything, it is for producing unsatisfying football. With this in mind—and visions of dollar bills dancing in their heads—NFL executives have toyed for years with the idea of making the game a two-out-of-three affair.

The problems are obvious. If the first game is boring, who is going to watch the second—or a third? Can you keep teams up for more than one game? Most importantly, what city will go to the extraordinary trouble of preparing for a third game when there is no guarantee that there will be one?

John McNally, who reached the Hall of Fame under the name of Johnny Blood, thinks he has a solution: establish a triple crown—a three-game playoff in which all three games must be played regardless of who wins the first two. He believes the odds against winning all three would soon give his playoff system the magic of baseball's triple crown (batting, home run and runs-batted-in titles) and of racing's (Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont). To insure that the players would go all out, he suggests a $1 million, winner-take-all pot for the third game, whether it is for the championship or the triple crown.

Blood has strong reasons for wanting to see a triple or a similar plan developed. Like all others who retired from professional football before 1958, he receives nothing from the NFL players' pension fund. The old-timers have sued the Players Association for a fair share, but Blood feels they will succeed only if they present the NFLPA with an additional source of revenue.

It is hard to believe that at the conclusion of an already lengthy season enough enthusiasm would be left for three additional games. But the end Blood seeks justifies a serious look at his means.

WORTH A KING'S RANSOM

Quick: If Ali-Frazier and Ali-Foreman produced the richest purses in history, what matchup in what other sport is suddenly up there with them? Wrong, by the immortal soul of Jose Capablanca! Fischer-Karpov is the name and chess the game. Bobby and Anatoly stand to split $5 million if they agree to play for the world chess championship in the Philippines this summer. The "ifs" involved are enormous—and most of them are spelled F-I-S-C-H-E-R—but that is what was bid in the Republic for the match last week. Does this mean chess is an inflationary pastime? Five million is 20 times the pot at Reykjavik three years ago and the $250,000 put up then was 10 times more than had ever been offered for the chess championship.

PROFIT SHARING?

The recession may have come to the men's and women's pro golf tours. There will be two fewer men's tournaments this year than last, and the prize money will be down, for the second year in a row.

The women's prospects similarly are off, although by a smaller margin. With luck and some fast last-minute shuffling, they may even equal the almost $1.8 million combined purse of last year—a fact Jane Blalock, the LPGA's second-leading money-winner, finds significant. She foresees the day when tournaments will match male-female teams, basing her prediction mainly on the performance of Johnny Miller. "He won eight PGA tournaments in 1974," she says, "but he doesn't have the charisma of Palmer."

Maybe so, but the economic pinch is going to have to strangle the men before they share their prize money with the women. It is still $7,882,949.

DUD

A Baltimore "Occupant" recently received a letter with a packet inside and a warning: "If you throw this in your wastebasket unopened, a capsule of water will break, spilling into a dehydrated boa constrictor. He will then crawl out of the envelope and crush you to death."

Occupant forthwith opened packet. Out popped a brochure from a St. Louis novelty house. No scales, no sale.

FIE ON THE FIGGER FILBERTS

As if there were not statistics enough in sports, the World Hockey Association has added a new category to its weekly tabulations—pluses and minuses for goals scored for and against a team while a player is on the ice. The idea is to give a better picture of a player's overall worth. If a team scores 28 goals during the minutes a player is on the ice, regardless of who his teammates are, and it gives up only three, the player is plus 25.

Reaction in the WHA after the first several weeks was varied. Bobby Hull was for it ("I think every guy should be saying, 'Let's not have any goals against us as a line.' That's a good way to think"); Frank Mahovlich was against it ("A guy can be checking his man, and somebody else on the line can give up a goal, but the guy who does his job gets a minus, too"); Gordie Howe was indifferent ("Nothing bothers me anymore").

Pluses and minuses, for sure, should not. Even if statisticians can keep such figures accurately—many believe they cannot—there are still too many variables for them to have meaning. A good player with five bad teammates will always come out on the wrong end, a bad player with five good ones, etc. *ad infinitum*. We have a better idea for statistics compilers. Watch the game. You will soon know who is pulling his weight and who isn't.

WHEN IT RAINS, IT . . .

Rain falls into the lives of Tacoma, Wash. residents so often that the Chamber of Commerce describes it as "liquid sunshine." It was therefore with no little pride that local businessman Al Rainwater learned that Pacific Lutheran University had coincidentally named its eight-team basketball tournament the Rainwater Classic. He splashed money on the event, and eagerly awaited the opening round on Dec. 27. Alas, the best-laid plans have a way of being washed down the drain. Seems that while it almost never, never snows in Tacoma, it did that day, up to 14 inches worth, and Rainwater was unable to get to the arena. Frozen in his tracks, you might say.

THEY SAID IT

- Marv Hubbard, Oakland running back, after the Raiders lost the AFC championship to Pittsburgh: "Joe Greene comes off the line so fast sometimes you don't even have time to close your eyes."
- Pierre Plante, asked why he picked up a brown hat, one of four tossed onto the ice after his second hat trick of his NHL career for the St. Louis Blues: "I kept this one to go fishing in."
- Larry Wingate, Bowling Green freshman basketball player, asked if he had been nervous before his first game: "Scared, man? I'm from Harlem, and the only thing I'm scared of is rats." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 13, 1975

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

John Newcombe had forgone his beloved beer to get in shape for the big match with Jimmy Connors, but shortly the tasty brown was flowing

by SAM MOSES

Just how it happened that Jimmy Connors and John Newcombe managed to finish the 1974 professional tennis season as the two best players in the world and win 24 championships between them without once meeting each other in a complete match, no one seems to really know. And at the moment, no one really cares. Their paths finally crossed on New Year's Day before the biggest Australian tennis audience in 20 years.

The occasion was the final round of the $91,000 Marlboro Australian Open, and the first leg of the Grand Slam. Their get-together was to many people the ex post facto 1974 tennis championship of the world, and to a few others simply the best match of the decade: Connors, the awesome young champion and winner of 99 of 103 matches in 1974, against Newcombe, the crafty, charismatic, over-30

Inconsistent and uninspired in the early rounds, Newcombe was superb in the finals.

champion one year removed. In four sets of superlative tennis Newcombe regained the unofficial title and gave Connors a solid lesson in playing pressure-packed tennis, as well as showing him something about strategy and some good old mix-'em-up and spit-'em-out scrambling and serving. Newcombe saved his best stuff for the end, and kept an ace up the serving sleeve of his untucked tennis shirt. Seventeen aces, to be exact.

Connors, the 1974 Australian, Wimbledon and Forest Hills champion, had stormed into Melbourne's grass-court Kooyong Stadium a week early, lodestar of a tiny troupe that included his mom and his cat. They were joined there by Spencer Segura—the son of Pancho, Connors' coach—who was on his way back to Los Angeles after nine weeks on the Asian circuit. Notably absent was Connors' former fiancée and last year's women's singles finalist, Chris Evert.

Most of the other touring stars had skipped the tournament in favor of a Christmas vacation, but on hand was a flock of 37 strong and healthy freckle-faced young men of good Australian stock, a few of whom made a point of announcing that they were itching for Connors. Even before his first practice round, Connors made it known he wasn't intimidated. "I don't care how many there are," he said. "Bring them on one after another. I'll beat them all."

Newcombe of course had the biggest itch, although he had been less vocal. "A match with Connors is something I've wanted for a long time," was all he said. To which Connors replied, "Newcombe should do more talking with his racket and less with his mouth. He says I've been ducking him, but I don't need to duck anybody. Every time I reach a final he's missing."

The talk during the week had been *when* Connors got to the final, and *if* Newcombe would get there, and for good

continued

Except for a few moments of pique, Connors' manners were oddly beyond reproach

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HAYNE

reason. While Connors' game had remained steadfastly smothering to his opponents, Newcombe's play had been inconsistent and at times uninspired. Connors had never looked more redoubtable than in his preliminary matches. His two-fisted line drives from the backhand side were so powerful he shattered four newly strung rackets in one match alone. His forehand volleys sounded like solid fairway three-wood shots. He says he has a "firm" stroke, but to say Connors has a firm forehand would be like saying Muhammad Ali has a firm left jab.

Connors blew into the final like the cyclone that devastated the northern Australian city of Darwin the day before his opening match. The Aussies came at him one after another and he beat them all, just as he said he would, with a German and a fellow American thrown in for variety. The only set he lost in his five preliminary matches was to the American, Grover (Raz) Reid. Connors' last obstacle in gaining the final was Dick Crealy, an Australian whom he beat handily 6–4, 6–3, 6–4.

Meanwhile, Newcombe was fighting for his life. His play had been disappointing in two previous tournaments Down Under in December, and he had retreated to his spread in Sydney over Christmas to recover. He went on a diet devoid of "tasty brown stuff"—no mean sacrifice for Newcombe—and shed 10 pounds. But it appeared that he may have lost more than a few inches off his slight beer belly. After an easy match against the silver-haired Australian Trevor Fancutt, Newcombe sweated through three five-set matches in his next four rounds.

His first scare came from a cool and fearless 19-year-old named Rolf Gehring, a baby-faced but rock-hard German. Newcombe had never even heard of Gehring until the day before they played, and he arrived for the second day of their rain-delayed match 45 minutes late. After splitting four sets by scores of 6–7, 6–4, 3–6 and 6–2, Newcombe won the final 6–4 when Gehring's inexperience caused him to double-fault his service game away.

"I had to get up at nine in the morning for that match," Newcombe grumbled. "I haven't played that early in 10 years, and I was still punchy."

Two days later Newcombe faced a fired-up Geoff Masters, who responded to the untimely announcement in the morning papers that he had been dropped from the Australian Davis Cup team by bombing Newcombe in the opening set 6–1. Newcombe began to find his form in the fourth set, which he won to make the score two sets all. It was not until the 17th game of the fifth set that Newcombe was able to force Masters to a break point, an advantage that led Newcombe to a 10–8 win in a well-played final set that produced only four unforced errors.

"John Newcombe is the only man who can beat Connors," Masters said after the 4½-hour match.

"I've got the feeling John is building up to something," said Tony Roche, Newcombe's longtime doubles partner and opponent in the semifinals. At 29, Roche is successfully building up to something himself after nearly three years of limited activity due to chronic arm injuries. (Following two orthodox operations that were less than totally successful, Roche discovered a Filipino faith healer whose many tennis patients now include Newcombe himself.) With his experienced eyes peering impassively from under thick, sun-bleached eyebrows, Roche had Newcombe down 5–2 in their fifth set after winning 11 of the previous 15 games. But Newcombe fought off two match points while serving the eighth game, broke Roche's service at 3–5 and tied the set at 5–5 after his own service game, survived yet another match point in the 16th game, then went on to win the match in the 20th game of the fifth set, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4, 2–6, 11–9. The sellout crowd of 12,000 rose in a standing ovation as both players slumped in their chairs, drained and wilted from a full afternoon of concentrated physical and mental strain in 95° heat.

"I can certainly think of better ways to prepare for a final match," Newcombe said weakly. "I feel as old as Ken Rosewall right now."

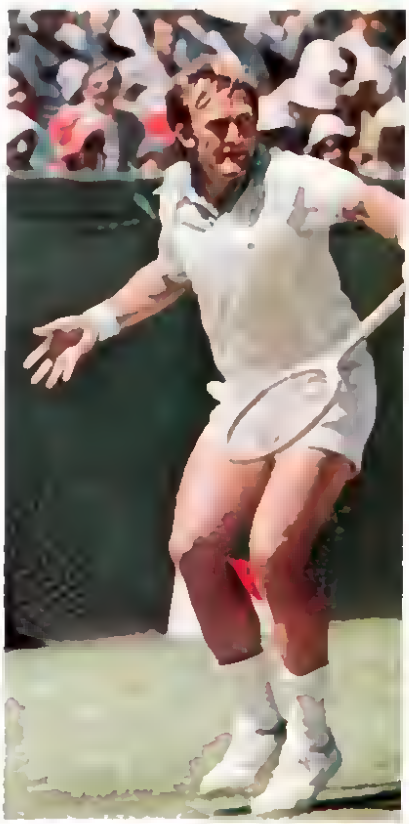
Those skin-of-the-teeth survivals only served to further endear Newcombe to the partisan crowd, despite his torturing them with his constant, almost deliberate toying with defeat. But Newcombe apparently throve on the pressure, and he knows how to prepare for the big one.

He quietly and intently observed Connors' matches from the stands and on television, while Connors smugly declined to return the compliment.

"You have to know how to serve to beat Connors," Newcombe said. "Serving to Jimmy is like pitching to Hank Aaron. If you don't mix up your stuff he'll hit it out of the ball park. He's strong from the service line, but he's got certain weaknesses in his volley. He doesn't disguise his shots, except for his lob. He relies on his power stroke and the brute strength of his forehand. And on his second serve he likes to stay back because he's not sure of it."

Newcombe had played Connors previously in only one full match, winning in straight sets at Forest Hills in 1973. He also beat Connors in a single team tennis set indoors at Houston last year. Partly because three of the four sets between the two ended in tie breakers, no one was taking bets on the basis of those meetings. "I've grown up a bit since then," Connors said defensively.

Newcombe had been defensive himself to the "knockers"—those local sportswriters he felt were hyping the Connors-Newcombe affair into a grudge match. On the eve of the final he pointedly avoided intensifying the war of words. When he was asked questions even remotely provocative, Newcombe wryly responded, "That question is hypothetical," a politician's non-answer he said he had learned from a government minister.



Tony Roche, out of the money for three years, gave Newcombe a hard time in the semis.

From Connors' opening serve it was audibly obvious that this would not be one of the matches in which Newcombe would play absently. He was grunting with every volley, and Newcombe only grunts when he's giving 100%. After twice taking Connors to deuce on Connors' service games, Newcombe scored a break point in the 11th game and took the first set 7–5. The overflow crowd that had bought every seat and patch of grass next to center court was primed for an upset of the chirpy Yank.

Connors came back to break Newcombe's first service game in the second set, led 3–0 and easily held service for a 6–3 win to even the score.

Then in the third set something remarkable happened. With Connors serving at love–15 and Newcombe leading 3–2, three contested line calls in a row—the third for an ace—gave Connors a 40–15 lead amidst heavy groans of complaint by Newcombe and scattered boos directed toward the linesmen. Connors reacted to the rumblings in the stadium by deliberately double-faulting to pacify the crowd, an act of overconfident benevolence that Newcombe took ruthless advantage of to break Connors' serve in that game. Connors managed to get the service back in the ninth game but Newcombe snatched it away again in the 10th for a 6–4 win.

His fellow Aussies hailed Newcombe, auctioned his racket for $1,400 for Darwin relief fund.

Connors had thrown a point to Raz Reid earlier in the tournament after an obviously bad call against Reid, but this time Connors felt the linesman had called the ace correctly. However, he decided that losing the point was worth the price to shut up the spectators, an uncharacteristic move that typified his patronizingly polite on-court behavior during the tournament. It was as if he had made a New Year's resolution to improve his manners. Not even a heckler's "What happened, Mouth?" after he lost the first set got much of a reaction from Connors.

"I don't regret double-faulting," the new Jimmy Connors said later. "But from now on I'll be meaner. I don't ever want a crowd to put me in that situation again."

"I wouldn't have thrown the serve away like that for him," said Newcombe.

Newcombe opened the fourth set with a win aided by two aces. In the eighth game he put Connors on the ropes by scoring a break point and taking a 5–3 lead. But he couldn't finish him off just yet. Connors charged back, swinging as confidently as ever to take a love–40 lead in the next game. Then after a couple of sharp volleys and another ace and a smash by Newcombe, Connors faced match point. But a perfectly placed lob and a searing backhand power drive down the sideline gave Connors the game and enabled him to tie the set at 6-all when they each held service for the next three games.

In the tie breaker, which was used in the tournament to settle all 6–6 sets except the fifth, Newcombe took a 4–1 lead, but Connors caught up and led Newcombe 6–5 and set point with Newcombe serving. Newcombe tied the score at 6-all, then faced another set point as Connors led 7–6, but that was Connors' last gasp. He lost three consecutive points—the final coming after a screaming Newcombe serve—and Newcombe took the tie breaker 9–7, the set 7–6 and the match three sets to one.

Newcombe won on the strength of his serve and some smart lobbing, an attack he had planned while watching Connors. One indication of the effort Newcombe put into his serve—his 17 aces aside—was that he also served seven double faults to none, save the intentional one, by Connors.

Later a composed, congratulatory Connors bristled at suggestions that he played at a level below his best. "I tried my butt off out there today," he said graciously if solecistically. "Newcombe has pride in his game and above all pride in himself. But just because I lose one match doesn't mean I'm not No. 1 in the world anymore. I won more tournaments than anyone else in 1974, and I'm still No. 1 until someone disproves it."

But Newcombe's defeat of Connors in seven of the eight sets they have played over the last two years was one indication that it may already have been disproved, at least for the time being. And no one will ever convince the Aussies that Newcombe isn't No. 1. Nearly $1,400 was raised for the Darwin relief fund by auctioning off Newcombe's racket, and the freckle-faced men and women of good Australian stock stood in line to crown him king of tennis. **END**

Coach Brown, no haysaad, signals a play.

MILE-HIGH NUGGETS OF PURE GOLD

With a new coach, good draft picks, a shrewd trade and some tender loving care, Denver is demolishing the ABA West

by BARRY McDERMOTT

The Denver Nuggets are playing basketball this season with an antique philosophy. In a sport where internal strife is now the rule, the Nuggets appear to believe that the family that plays together stays together. And they have started off 32-5. America, don't you just love it?

By eliminating ennui and jealousy from their game plan the Nuggets have become a tougher ticket in Colorado than a ride with Jerry Ford on a ski lift. They played Indiana last Friday night before another sellout crowd and won their 20th consecutive home game, tying a league record. That put them on top of the ABA's Western Division by 12 games, making the rest of the league look like one big turkey farm.

Most pro basketball players never get a floor burn unless they trip over their wallets, but the Nuggets have this old-time thing about hard work and togetherness. They labor over such rudimentary concerns as shooting layups in practice, they offer solace to teammates from the bench, play defense like suspicious bank tellers, keep the ball moving and display an exuberant collegiate style that is effective without being affected.

The team wins with a cast that is virtually anonymous. Mike Green, Byron Beck and Fatty Taylor have not become the subjects of playground chants. Probably five or six other clubs in the ABA have more pure talent, but none has Denver's heart or familial character. Much of the credit goes to sporty 34-year-old Coach Larry Brown, a handsome fellow with sensationally white teeth, a man whose byword is communication. Denver tied for last in its division in 1974, took to sniveling and forced the resignation of Coach Alex Hannum. Brown came in before the season started and revamped the team's mental as well as court style. If the Nuggets keep on winning, the rest of pro basketball might start wearing letter sweaters instead of surly frowns.

Brown lives in a Denver condominium with friend and trivia expert Larry Rubin, and his one weakness is his collection of superstitions. His pregame rituals include playing racquetball with General Manager Carl Scheer on the day of every home game, driving the identical route to the arena, parking in the same spot and even shaving the same way. Brown's unshakable belief is that one bad cat can turn a good team into a dog.

Before he got to Denver, Brown coached for two years at Carolina, where his innovative style quickly brought the Cougars from next-to-last to first, for which he was named ABA Coach of the Year the first year. The following season Joe Caldwell and Jim Chones caused dissension and the team lost six of its last seven regular-season games and four straight in the playoffs. Brown was crushed and bitter and, when the franchise was sold to St. Louis last July, also out of a job. "There were unbelievable egos involved," says Brown. "I've never been so miserable in my life. I'd go into the dressing room and be too embarrassed to say anything. The thing I couldn't understand was why some people could not lose themselves in the team. Chones and Caldwell split the team down the middle."

Scheer was Brown's general manager at Carolina, and Brown followed him to Denver, where the franchise was withering from a bad case of apathy both on court and off. Scheer changed the team's colors, logo and nickname—from Rockets to Nuggets—signed rookies Bobby Jones and Jan van Breda Kolff and All-Star Guard Mack Calvin from the old Carolina franchise and traded for Fatty Taylor, a scrappy guard whose style of defense caused one exasperated coach to comment, "It's like playing through a rosebush."

Brown sold new hope to Guard Ralph Simpson, Denver's best player, made skinny Mike Green the starting center and convinced everyone on the team that he could contribute significantly. "We work hard," says Simpson. "Most pros loaf through practice, but we come to work and get better. Up until this year I was the kind of player who wanted to be cool on the floor. I don't know any team that is willing to sacrifice and play together and do the things we do."

Simpson and Calvin form the league's premier backcourt, although half of it is now temporarily on the shelf. Calvin's father, a Baptist minister, and his mother flew in from the West Coast to see him try for his 10,000th career point against Indiana, but in the second quarter Calvin dislocated an index finger and will be out

for about a month. It is Calvin's first serious injury. In the previous five years he missed only six games, averaged 20 points and commanded universal respect. He is a second-degree brown belt in karate.

At 6′5″, Simpson complements the 6-foot Calvin and third guard Taylor. Simpson left Michigan State after his sophomore year to become an instant star; he averaged 27 points in his second ABA season. Last year the cream curdled. His shooting was off, injuries and illness sapped him and, to make matters worse, Hannum started taking him out at the end of tight games, further bruising his confidence. Simpson asked to be traded but changed his mind when Brown arrived. He had had his best season at Denver in 1971-72, when Brown was his running mate at guard in his last year as an active player.

Simpson is a sensitive and dedicated person, devoted to supporting his mother, his eight brothers and sisters and his wife and young son. He is clean-shaven, dresses neatly and doesn't drink or smoke because he believes children idolize athletes. He talks of raising his son to be humble and honest. Simpson is 15 pounds lighter since switching to a vegetarian diet, but supplements his meatless fare with prodigious amounts of vitamins and food supplements and feels stronger. Above all, Simpson has a marvelously congenial attitude and is respected by his teammates. Against Utah early in the season, he made 14 straight field goals. After the 12th, Assistant Coach Doug Moe could kid him: "Don't choke."

Bobby Jones is the first first-round draft choice ever signed by Denver, and his 60% shooting average is leading the league although his range is limited. With his quick first step and great spring, Jones spends most of his time dunking the ball over opponents too dazed to get his license-plate number. Already he is considered the top defensive forward in the league and he is challenging Taylor for the team lead in steals. Jones made eight of nine shots against Indiana and harassed his man all evening long.

Jones' quiet demeanor is typical of most of his teammates. Early in the season Taylor approached Brown and complained that the black players could not get the white players to talk.

"You think they don't like us?" he asked.

"Heck no, Fatty," said the coach, gesturing at a table where a group of white players were eating dinner in silence. "They don't even talk to each other."

In previous years Brown led the league in temper, but after he was thrown out of the Nuggets' opening game, reserve Guard Pat McFarland told him that that sort of thing was hurting the club. Brown has been a paragon of decorum ever since. He now chastises his players if they get in a spat with the referees. Brown is frank about his mistakes. A few weeks ago he started riding hard on backup Center Dave Robisch, a hulking man nicknamed the Ruptured Rhino. When Robisch's shooting touch went into a sulk, the coach recognized his error and shut up. Against Indiana, Robisch made eight of 13 shots, scored 19 points in 24 minutes and worked General Manager Scheer into a frenzy.

During games, Scheer, a lawyer by profession, haunts one corner of the court where he acts like a man undergoing labor pains, alternating cold sweat with warm applause. Brown's roommate, Larry Rubin, is nearby. He has an entire section of season ticket-holders orchestrated for cued encouragement. In fact, the audience at Nugget games is about as impartial as an average Zaire fight crowd. Facing that music, the mile-high altitude and lighting that could be improved by miner's lamps, visiting teams usually expire midway through their warmups.

Last week Indiana played with all the zing of leftover boiled potatoes in the first half, and the Nuggets built a big third-quarter lead, survived a Pacer surge and went on to win 120–111.

Afterward Brown congratulated his players and summed up the harmonious situation in Denver. "Our players aren't embarrassed to be excited. Things may be screwed up everywhere else, but they're not screwed up here." **END**

Heading for a 20th consecutive home-court win, Calvin whisks by Indiana's Kevin Joyce.

TOP OF THE LADDER, WITH A BOOST

USC's upset of Ohio State in the Rose Bowl gave it a share of the national championship, but only after a big assist from an old foe, Notre Dame

by JOHN UNDERWOOD and JOE JARES

On the hangover day of his Orange Bowl loss to Notre Dame, Bear Bryant entered his name on the side of justice, brotherhood and the significance of bowl games. He voted for USC as the top team in the nation. "And you can quote me," said Bryant, raising his voice. It was one of the few times he had not mumbled in a week.

The vote went into the hopper of United Press International's poll of college coaches and came out as one of those that got USC elected national champion. Having beaten, by a hair and a couple of hairy Pat Haden passes, Ohio State in the Rose Bowl, USC emerged, finally, much like the spindly bodybuilder who has come to the end of the 90-day miracle course to discover all the swells and golden ripples the ads promised. It was the best team still playing when the season came to a head New Year's Day.

Oklahoma, meanwhile, won the Associated Press' version of the championship. No surprise there. From the perspective of the AP's balloters—63 media types—the bowls proved nothing. The status was irreversibly quo. It was a dandy way to show they were more liberal than the coaches. Oklahoma had been

stricken from the UPI ballot this season because the brotherhood elected to exclude teams on NCAA probation (there were five, including Oklahoma) from championship consideration.

But there are other, sounder reasons to exalt USC, reasons beyond the obvious ones: that coaches know more about football than sportswriters and sportscasters; and that Oklahoma barely got by Texas, which was crushed by Auburn in the Gator Bowl, that in the fourth quarter it led Baylor only 7–5 and the Bears were trounced by Penn State in the Cotton Bowl, and that no matter how good Oklahoma is it cannot be presumed a victor in a game it did not play. The same goes for Michigan.

The catch phrase is "still playing." Ara Parseghian, the resigning Notre Dame coach who recently experienced a day with USC that will haunt him often enough during the sabbatical he is taking before ascending to the pro gold mine in the sky, cast his vote for Michigan, perhaps without spite (USC beat Notre Dame 55–24). But Michigan was also locked out of the postseason. It is not USC's fault that Oklahoma and Michigan were not given the chance to lose on New Year's Day. There is, after all, something to be said for trial.

To polish off the point, eonsider poor error-ridden, Ara-rattled Alabama, which has come ablustering to the threshold of the national championship three straight years now only to wind up dry (with the exception of the UPI vote before last year's loss to Notre Dame). Oklahoma does not deserve the national ehampionship any more than Alabama would if it had announced after *its 11-0* season that it was giving up bowl games (something it might be tempted to do anyway) and taking its national championship on home, thank y'all very much.

In effect, you could say Alabama was penalized for *not* being on probation. Which you would not really want to say. And Notre Dame, having won one for The Ara just before his sunset ride (he was so emotional in the dressing room afterward that he eould barely address the team), thus granted UPI's tabulators a chance to produce a logical order of finish to a season of illogical finishers. Which it did: 1) USC, 2) Alabama, 3) Ohio State, 4) Notre Dame.

One hundred and nine days before the Rose Bowl, USC's Pat Haden threw four interceptions as the Trojans lost their first game of the season to Arkansas in Little Rock, an upset that sent Razorback fans hog calling far into the night. The headline in the next morning's Los Angeles *Times* sports section said, TROJANS' DREAM OF NO. 1 IS JUST HOGWASH, 22–7. On New Year's Day the hogwash turned into champagne.

With his team trailing Ohio State 17–10 and just over two minutes left on the clock, Haden, an English major who was named a Rhodes scholar 11 days before, connected with his close friend Johnny McKay on a 38-yard touchdown pass play, then drilled a two-point pass to Shelton Diggs for a thrilling 18–17 victory. That, eoupled with Notre Dame's 13–11 win over Alabama, gave USC the national championship.

For Johnny's dad, Coach John McKay, it was the fourth national title. It was also his fifth Rose Bowl victory in eight trips. He and his team did it despite having Tailback Anthony Davis sit out the second half with injured ribs, despite having a punter who took a snap, stepped forward smartly, kicked and all but *missed* the football, and despite trading away a 39-yard field goal for a mere first down. And a pretty important final despite—playing against a fine Ohio State team that indeed was only one point worse than the national champion.

One of the interesting aspects of the game was supposed to be the dipsy-doodle, yard-gobbling duel between Ohio State's Heisman Trophy winner, Archie Griffin, and USC's Heisman runner-up, Davis. But neither was much of a factor. Davis averaged 5.2 yards a carry but spent the second half on the sideline. Griffin was impressively quick through the holes, but he fumbled twice and was held under 100 yards for the first time in 23 games. The co-players of the game turned out to be young McKay and Haden, who have been playing pass-and-catch for eight years, four at Bishop Amat High School in nearby La Puente and four at USC.

On the bus ride to the game, Haden sat next to Coach McKay, inhaling eigar fumes and strategy in nearly equal doses. Haden had attempted 39 passes in last year's loss to Ohio State.

continued

Notre Dame's victory over Alabama gave both Ara Parseghian and USC the ultimate lift.

Trailing 17–16 after his touchdown pass to McKay, Haden (upper left) rolled out and threw to Diggs (26) for a two-point conversion.

"We're not going to beat Ohio State throwing 40 times," Haden said. "This year we're going to run the ball better. We'll throw, but the key to the game is how well we run against them."

USC, with a 30-yard field goal from Indonesia-born Chris Limahelu, led 3–0 at the end of the first quarter. The margin might have been greater had not Ohio State's brilliant defensive back, Neal Colzie, intercepted a Haden-to-McKay heave. USC's running attack was purring.

The second quarter was weird. Ohio State marched from its 29 to the Trojan 2½. Then Tight End Doug France moved before the snap, and all of a sudden it was fourth and six on the 7½. Tom Klaban, who put the Buckeyes in the Rose Bowl with his four field goals against Michigan, missed from the 14.

What McKay later called "the worst punting game in the history of collegiate football" led to Ohio State's halftime lead. USC's Jim Lucas attempted to kick from his 17 but his foot made only slight contact with the ball. Remarkably, he was able to recapture the ball and run 16 yards for a first down. Four plays later his punt was blocked and Ohio State took over on the USC 17. Griffin and Davis exchanged fumbles before Buckeye Fullback Champ Henson, who bearded Coach Woody Hayes, demanding to be put into the game, bulled in from the two. The kick was good and Ohio State led 7–3.

USC kept Greene under close surveillance.

All this was strange enough for any single quarter, but there was more. With 31 seconds left, Limahelu kicked a 39-yard field goal, but Ohio State was offside and McKay decided to give up the three points and take a first down on the Buckeye 16. The gamble failed. USC got down close but couldn't score and had to settle for a 24-yard Limahelu field-goal try. He missed.

Well, 7–6 or 7–3, what's the difference to a team that scored 55 points on Notre Dame in less than 17 minutes? For one thing, Davis was not there to run back the second-half kickoff for the go-ahead touchdown. Ohio State might have taken the lead for good in the third quarter, but USC got lucky. Colzie intercepted his second pass, returned it 21 yards to the Trojan nine and exuberantly spiked the ball. Zap. Penalty. Unsportsmanlike conduct. Instead of first and goal at the nine, the Buckeyes were first and goal at the 24. They couldn't score.

USC went ahead 10–7 on a Haden pass to Jim Obradovich, but State answered with an 82-yard touchdown drive and a 32-yard Klaban field goal to make it 17–10 and a probable second-straight Rose Bowl victory.

With barely more than two minutes to go, the Trojans ran 96-X corner, a play Haden and McKay have worked on a thousand and one times.

"I'd been double-covered by Colzie and their right-side roverback all day," said McKay. "This time we decided to go against the man on the other side—Steve Luke. He's a good cornerback, but he's not fantastic like Colzie."

Haden had the proverbial "all day to throw," McKay slipped behind Luke and caught the pass over his right shoulder in the far right corner of the end zone.

There was no question that Coach McKay would elect to go for the 18–17 win rather than the 17–17 tie, even though USC had lost the 1967 Rose Bowl game to Purdue when a two-point try failed. Haden requested that the ball be moved to the left hashmark, giving him more room to roll out right. Split End McKay went wide, Flanker Diggs was in the slot and ended up wide open. Haden fired the ball low and Diggs dived and caught it.

Buckeye Quarterback Cornelius Greene scrambled and passed desperately and ran off 10 plays in the last two minutes before Tom Skladany's 62-yard field-goal attempt fell just short at the gun.

McKay's fourth wire-service championship puts him in a tie for the alltime lead with old buddy Bryant and Notre Dame's Frank Leahy. Bryant leads every coach alive in total victories. ("McKay and Hayes won't catch me," he kids. "They won't live long enough.") Bowl games, however, are the Bear's bane: Alabama had lost seven of its last eight, tying the other. At a whimsical celebrity luncheon two days before the Orange Bowl, the emcee suggested to Bryant that "if Notre Dame is going to win one for Ara, maybe Alabama ought to win one for a change." Bryant grinned, but privately he was not sure he could do much to correct it this time. He confessed doubts about his offense. There had been many injuries, "the worst I ever saw. We could be great, and never know it. We haven't been together enough."

He fretted over Notre Dame's monolithic defense. "They're so big," he said, "I don't think we can move them. At least not consistently."

The plan he then programmed into the Alabama Wishbone called for a deeper dip into its passing attack. To his dismay on game night he discovered the Tide had no passing attack, at least not one that was lubricated enough to prevail in a war of attrition, which is what Notre Dame waged. Gary Rutledge, the first-string quarterback, had missed nine games after a shoulder separation and threw one pass all year. Richard Todd, his alternate, had averaged only six passes a game. Nobody had made Alabama pass.

So, moving and guessing right along, and apparently to Alabama's benefit, Parseghian set up a defense that *dared* Alabama to throw. Most of the time the Irish massed seven men on the line and snugged the secondary up close. More often than not, two of the four backs blitzed, disrupting the flow of Alabama's triple option, leaving only two Notre Dame players to defend against passes. Virtually a nine-man rush. When the rush included a meat locker full of

colossi like 266-pound Steve Niehaus and 265-pound Ken Nosbusch and 253-pound Mike Fanning, hunched over hindquarter to hindquarter, not even a Wishbone with the sharp edges of Alabama's could cut through.

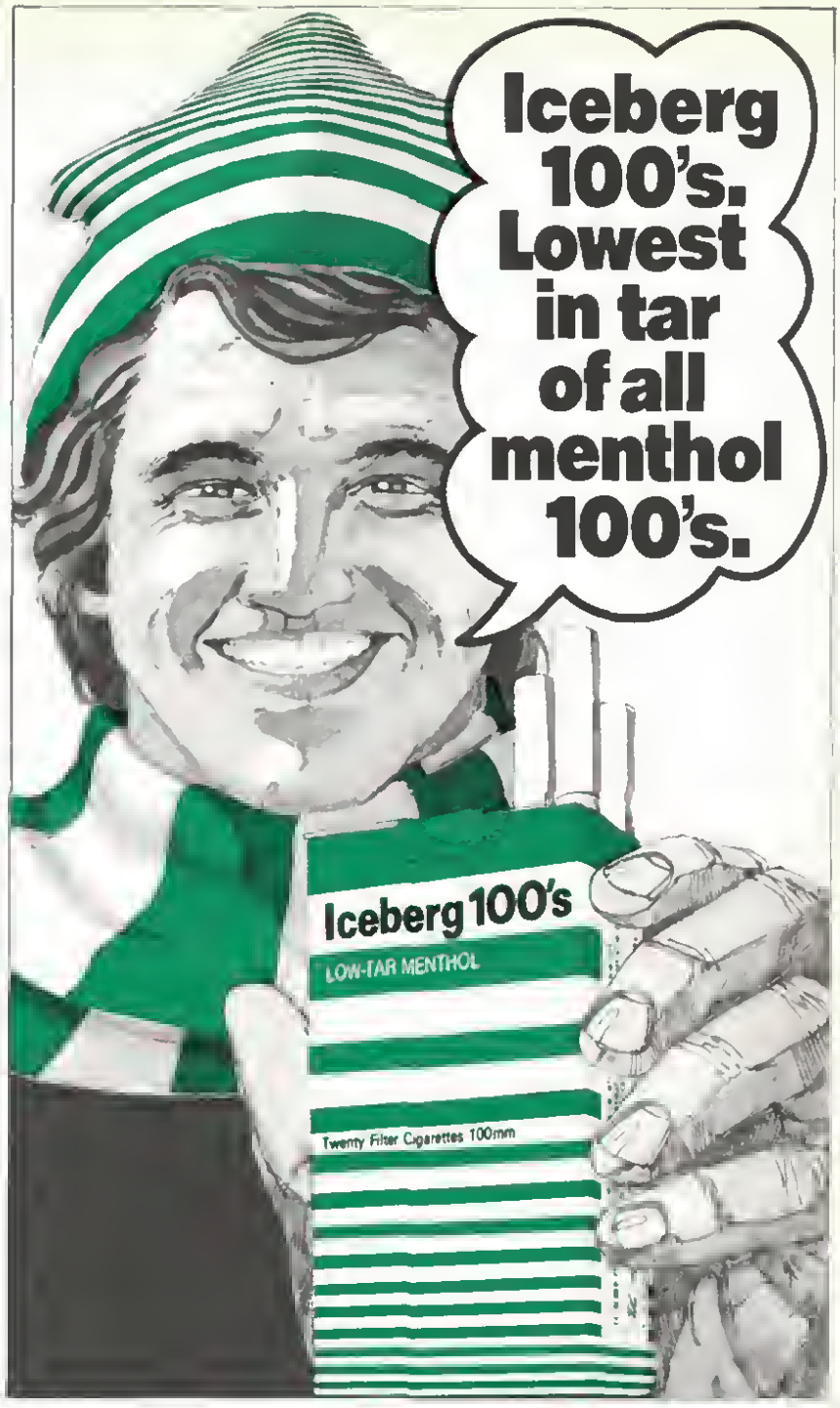
Still, it was a risky business, perhaps riskier than Ara realized, but he had done his homework. Alabama's was a reluctant passing game. Forced to do more of what it had planned to do anyway, Alabama passed 29 times, 24 by Todd, about one-third as many as he had thrown all year. He completed 13, but he had two intercepted at critical times.

Notre Dame, meanwhile, did not do much better. Alabama's defense was just as tenacious, making classy open-field tackles, and early on it was easy to tell that the offenses would be marked by ineffectiveness rather than fine play. The difference was that Notre Dame did not have to win as long as Alabama kept itself so busy losing.

A fumbled punt at the Tide 16 set up a first-quarter Irish touchdown, and an offside penalty on a field-goal attempt after a Notre Dame drive had been stopped set up the second. With a 13-0 lead, Notre Dame's defense kept guessing right, and holding up. It was not until Alabama went more to wider splits to both sides, spreading the Irish thinner to minimize the rush, that the possibility of a comeback took hold.

With the score 13-3 in the fourth quarter, Todd got four first downs in four plays to the Notre Dame 12, where he drilled a perfect pass to Notre Dame's John Dubenetzky. In Alabama's next possession Todd came right back with a 48-yard touchdown pass to Russ Schamun on a fourth-and-five play, and a two-point conversion pass, making it 13-11. And then, with 1:39 to play, Todd was given one more chance.

Two completions moved Alabama from its 38 to the Notre Dame 38. Then Todd sent Ozzie Newsome, his best receiver, on an out pattern, and Randy Billingsley ran a circle underneath the coverage on the same side. Notre Dame could not cover both men and Newsome broke clean. In his eagerness, Todd threw a line drive to Notre Dame's Reggie Barnett five yards in front of Newsome. So much for thrilling comebacks. Ara could leave with a smile and a tear. The proud name of Notre Dame had been restored and, ironically, USC was the major beneficiary. **END**



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FLYING IN THE FACE OF AGE

At 83 and still very much in control, Marion Rice Hart bombs around in her Bonanza, often shooting down FAA rules

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

Not long ago a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza took off from Merida, on the Yucatan peninsula, and headed across the Gulf of Mexico for the Florida Keys. Through an error, Mexican authorities did not file the plane's flight plan, and the Bonanza turned up on U.S. radar as an unidentified aircraft approaching Cuba. Military jets were dispatched to identify the plane and escort it to Key West. A cordon of police surrounded the plane even before it came to a stop. As its door opened, one officer turned to another and said, "Jeez, will you get a look at the pilot! She's a little old lady!"

Marion Rice Hart, the pilot, is indeed a little old lady, though at 83 the description makes her cringe almost as much as when she is called "Widow Hart" or a "flying grandmother." She is quick to point out that she is neither. While she has no objections to motherhood other than that it leads to grandmotherhood, she has never been a mother, and she was divorced, not widowed, from a fellow named Hart whom she *did* object to because he insisted on asking her why she could not act like other women.

"Now, instead of being asked why I don't act like other women," she says, "people are always asking why I don't act my age. What has age to do with the way people act? I have *no* idea what other people my age are doing. *I* don't know any."

The truth is that Marion Hart has never acted her age, or like other women, and she has no intention of changing the habits of a lifetime. She has been a geologist, physicist, chemical engineer, artist, author, sculptress, surveyor, sailor and short-wave operator. She has worked in a copper mine in Arizona, served as a radio operator on a B-17, run a locomotive on the Southern Pacific, captained a 72-foot ketch to the Indian Ocean and beyond and flown her single-engine aircraft across the Atlantic seven times. Admittedly her solo landings in such distant places as Ceylon, Nepal, Jordan and Kuwait during the 11 months she recently spent winging around the globe evoked almost as much astonishment as her unexpected appearance on military radar, but as far as she is concerned, the flight was very ordinary.

There is little ordinary about Marion Hart. Nothing about the strong, self-assured voice, the lean, athletic appearance, the penetrating, intent gaze, the carefully styled brunette hair suggests an octogenarian. Seeing her in her Washington, D.C. apartment before a map of her wanderings, bare legs propped up on a coffee table strewn with navigational charts, flight manuals and a dissertation on wake turbulence, one realizes that the idea of offering to help her across the street is as preposterous as offering to drive A. J. Foyt home. Marion Hart may be little, old and a lady—she even wears tennis shoes, often patched with pieces of discarded inner tubes—but there the comparisons end.

"I was brought up to believe what you *did* mattered, not what you didn't," she says. "I am doing today what I have always done, which is what I want to do. There's nothing unusual about that."

The fourth of six children of Julia Barnett and Isaac Leopold Rice, Marion came naturally by her talent to be different. Her father, who attended the Paris Conservatory of Music, was poor, reduced to giving music lessons, when he met her piano-playing mother. She was the daughter of wealth and position. So far, the story is classic. Isaac's solution to his problem was not. After polling his friends as to who were the richest people they knew, he concluded that lawyers not musicians earned the most money and promptly enrolled at Columbia Law School. While he studied law Julia studied medicine and was graduated in 1883, a rare accomplishment for a woman of her time. "Mother thought the knowledge would come in handy in having and raising children," Marion says.

Once out of law school, Rice's fortune grew even faster than his family. After teaching and then lending a hand in the founding of the School of Political Science at Columbia, he went on to become one of the most prominent railroad lawyers in the U.S. From railroads he moved into industry, acquiring, among other successful ventures, companies that produced the first electric automobile, the first submarine, the first electric refrigerators, the first dried-milk products and the first taxi service in New York. His Electric Boat Company is known today as General Dynamics.

The six Rice children grew up in a zany confusion of opulent hotels, transatlantic voyages, revolving tutors, harried servants and disbelieving neighbors. Numbered among the family's friends were the King of Spain, the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden, Madame Curie, President McKinley and Pope Pius X. On one occasion the family was invited to the private Vatican apartment of Cardinal Merry del Val, who bounced the younger ones on his knee and entertained them with stories. "We were so taken with him," said sister Dorothy, who with her husband Hal Sims later became one of the most famous bridge-playing couples in the world, "that we all wanted to become cardinals."

"One of the amazing things about that family," says Dr. Paul Perez, a second cousin and professor of psychology at Colby College, "is that at an early age every one of the kids chose a life-style. Each was enormously intelligent and curious, and the father was willing to underwrite just about any interest any of them came up with. One had a seven-day bicycle racer for a tutor; another a three-cushion billiard player. Every one of them, including the girls—who were nicknamed Polly, Dolly, Molly and Lolly—grew up on a daily diet of calculus and chess. They used to spend hours as kids challenging each other to complex mental contests."

They had more than enough outside competition, since Rice was the president of the Manhattan Chess Club. The Rice Gambit is named after him, as are countless chess clubs around the world. When the eldest daughter, Dolly, showed a talent for writing poetry, he founded the Poetry Society of America, and then set up a salon in the grand ballroom of their 22-room apartment at the Ansonia Hotel which Theodore Dreiser, Richard Le Gallienne, Gertrude Atherton, Richard Watson Gilder and Frank Harris (always in white tie and tails) regularly attended. When the second daughter, Polly, took up motorcycle racing he built her a garage.

Of the six children, Molly, as Marion was called, was the most introspective. When she was not reading, a pursuit to which none of the others was addicted, she spent hours studying the excavations that blasted, burrowed and probed into the rocky innards of the city. At 15 she came upon a magazine account of the railroad that was being built across the Andes and decided she wanted to be an engineer. At 16, with three months of intensive tutoring behind her, she entered Barnard College where she stayed for

continued

two years before transferring to M.I.T. There her interest in railroads gave way to a fascination for chemistry. In 1913 she became the first woman to receive a chemical engineering degree from M.I.T.—or as far as anyone can determine, from anywhere else.

It was pre-World War I, there was a recession, and the chemical-engineering world did not need Marion Rice. She went to work instead as a physicist in the research lab of General Electric but was soon so bored that she quit to take a masters in geology at Columbia. This led eventually to a husband and the copper-mining camp in Arizona.

After Fifth Avenue mansions and European castles, home on the range proved more horror than heaven. Marriage, mining and Mr. Hart were more than she had bargained for, and Marion returned with no regrets to more sophisticated surroundings. In 1926 she bought a villa in Montfavet, France and took up painting and sculpture. "She was a better sculptress than painter," says Paul Perez, "but she approached art the way she approaches everything else in life. She learns everything she can about a subject, writes a book or an article, and having mastered it drops it like a hot potato. She was a fine photographer at one time, with a studio of professional equipment. She worked on a geodetic survey of West Point for the U.S. Army. And during World War II she was a radio instructor."

She was equally erratic in strictly female pursuits. "On the day of her wedding," a sister once recalled, "Molly suddenly remembered she needed a trousseau. She decided to start with a pair of new shoes, but just the thought of buying shoes was so discouraging that she compromised on a shine." On the family's grand tours through Europe she traveled light, seldom with a hat or a spare piece of underwear. She said they complicated her life. Her attitude toward clothes remains unchanged. She has designed a dress for all seasons—shapeless, sacklike, drip-dry with huge zippered pockets for carrying passports and flight manuals. When she needs one, she has it made up wherever she happens to be. Her sneakers are always worn until they are threadbare, and she has been known to sew large rhinestone buttons over holes in the toes.

"She has a tough streak of self-discipline," Paul Perez notes, "and extraordinary determination, but I don't think she had ever felt any sort of pressure to accomplish specific goals. If someone said to her, 'Do this and you will be the first woman . . .' she probably would not do it. She has never had any interest in setting marks or breaking records, and she gets annoyed when people try to make her out as some kind of female member of the Explorers Club. She once came within minutes of setting a gliding record for continuous time aloft, and then to everyone's astonishment, landed minutes from the mark. When somebody asked her why, she said, 'I had to go to the john.' It was as simple as that. When she bought a boat in 1936 to cruise the Mediterranean, she had no intention of spending the next three years sailing it around the globe from London to New York. It just happened."

At the time she was 44 and disenchanted with villas and sculpture and artists and gardens. "I was tired of being responsible for so many things and people," she explained. "I wanted to live a carefree life and drift around the world. In a flash I saw how to do it. I would buy a yacht."

Once previously she had taken a cruise, three weeks through the Greek Islands with a full crew. The captain had never put the sails up "because they had to come down again so soon." More challenged than daunted by her lack of expertise, she settled after several months' search on a ketch named *Vanora*, which was built along the lines of the Fife trollers that came out of Scotland at the end of the last century. It had an 18-foot-wide steel hull, drew nine feet, was 33 years old and had been rusting in a yard on the Isle of Wight for six years. When estimates to put *Vanora* in sailing shape proved too high, Marion enlisted the help of several artist friends and with chisel, hammer and paintbrush spent the next three months doing the job herself.

Hiring a captain presented a knottier problem. Her first was fired while still in the shipyard when he turned out to be even more inexperienced than she. The second sailed the boat into a storm and almost wrecked it before leaving the English Channel. He compounded the situation by taking to his bed seasick. Marion took the wheel and with the help of her mates and 15-year-old Perez, who stayed with the *Vanora* throughout her three-year voyage, managed to get to Brest. "Everything that could break did," she says. "The stores were ruined, the crew was drunk, the captain was fired."

"Next to getting married," she later wrote in her book *Who Called That Lady a Skipper?* (The Vanguard Press), "there is nothing quite so aweinspiring in its finality as choosing a captain for a long voyage."

The book, basically a compilation of letters she wrote home from sea, chronicled a voyage that took her through two additional captains and a course in navigation, self-taught on the Mediterranean between Gibraltar and the Greek Islands. She finally decided to man the ship herself and forget about outside help.

"By the time we reached the Gulf of Suez and I had fired the third captain," she says, "I knew how to read a sextant and figured, with 1,500 miles to practice in, that I could not get very lost in the Red Sea. Instead of going back to England, I just sailed on."

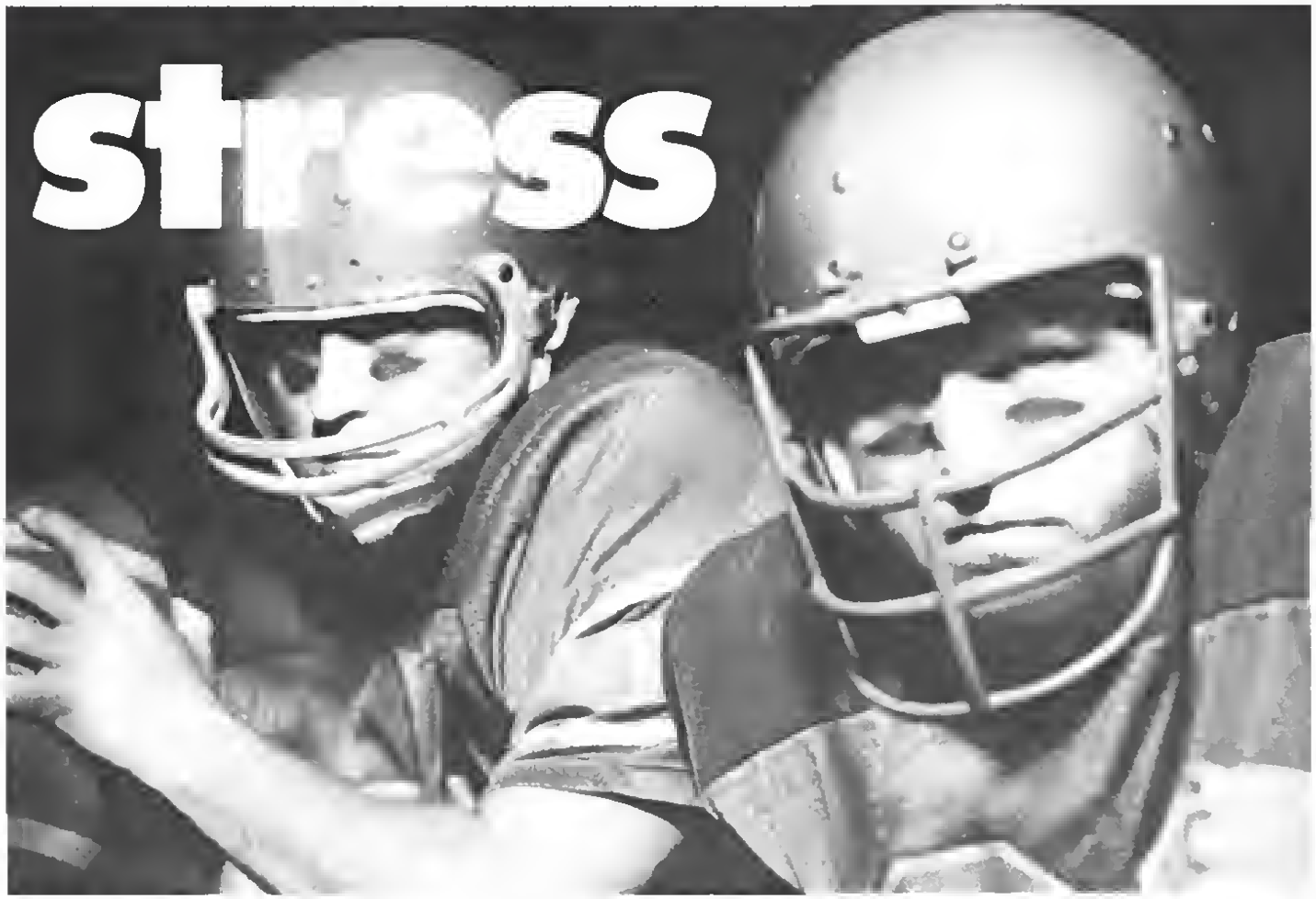
Throughout her account of the voyage of *Vanora*, Marion's sense of humor and her impatience with stupidity and pretension are evident. She made a tough and respected captain.

Those who have flown with her say the same thing. "As a pilot, she does a lot of things right," says Leighton Collins, former owner and editor of *Air Facts* magazine.

Collins recalls meeting Marion for the first time back in 1946. "She was having trouble learning to fly, or more accurately, finding someone to teach her. This was after the war. The instructors who were available were not much interested in teaching a woman. She'd had several, all of whom treated her like a cranky lady. I don't doubt that she gave them a hard time. She is not the type to be shown how without also being told why. Since she probably knew more, in theory, about flight than they did, her endless questions must have driven them to quit.

"I asked her why she wanted to fly, and she said she wanted to buy a plane and fly it places. I said 'O.K. See a man called Jim Welsch, and then buy a Cessna.' A month later I got a postcard from Cuba. I was shocked. I called Welsch immediately and said, 'Is that woman safe? Can she navigate?' "

Collins had no way of knowing then



It can dump Sunday and Monday quarterbacks alike.

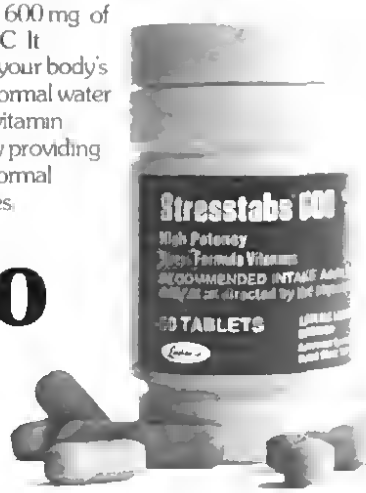
How to block it. Try STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins, a unique vitamin product especially formulated to treat vitamin deficiencies resulting from physiological stress. Injuries, chronic overwork, an infection, fever, too many martini lunches, a bad cold, dieting, may cause nutritional deficiencies. Doctors recommend STRESSTABS 600 in physiological stress to help replace these deficiencies and maintain good nutritional balance.

Why stress can rob you of vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium and greatly increase your need for the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C. Why these? Unlike the other vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile them for emergency use. Under stress, your body may use up more of these essential B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy increased vitamin needs. STRESSTABS 600 is a therapeutic vitamin formulation that includes 600 mg. of Vitamin C. It satisfies your body's above normal water soluble vitamin needs by providing above-normal quantities.

Vitamin B_1	15 mg
Vitamin B_2	15 mg
Vitamin B_6	5 mg
Vitamin B_{12}	5 mcgm.
Vitamin C	600 mg.
Niacinamide	100 mg
Vitamin E (as d Alpha Tocopheryl Acid Succinate)	30 Units
Calcium Pantothenate	20 mg

And it's easily available. You can buy STRESSTABS 600 at all drugstores without a prescription. Ask your pharmacist about it.



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High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins

A product of Lederle Laboratories

CH1

A mellow way to end the day.

Whenever you serve our brandy, you will enjoy the good mellow taste that is ours alone. It starts with choice, sun-ripened grapes which we make into a special wine. Various styles of brandy are distilled from it and left to age in oaken casks. Finally, the brandies are blended with care and pride so each sip has our same unique, light flavor. A tradition of quality we will never change.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
CELLARMASTER
THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

that she was an expert navigator before she ever started to fly. Not long after the three-year voyage of *Vanora*, she had written a book on celestial navigation. *How to Navigate Today* (Cornell Maritime Press), now in its fifth edition, is still considered an outstanding manual for small-boat sailors and beginning aviators. In its forward she explains: "This book makes no pretense of being an exhaustive scientific study of navigation. It is not intended to discipline the mind, nor train the character. It does claim to give the essentials necessary for intelligent navigation."

"That is exactly what the book does," says retired TWA Pilot and Aviation Writer Robert N. Buck, "which is why it is still around. It is excellent. Marion took a scientific field, which had a morass of technical writing by learned geniuses who were only trying to show off what they knew, and translated it into terms that are understandable."

Writing has been the one pursuit to which Marion Hart has been most faithful. In over 25 years of writing for *Air Facts* she has developed a broad-based and generally appreciative audience of aviation enthusiasts who regularly pick up their magazines to find out where she has been lately, or what restricted area she has inadvertently flown into, or what battle she is currently waging with whom.

"She is a great nitpicker," says Collins, "especially where the FAA is concerned, but she also performs a genuine service for aviation. She can find a flaw in practically any regulation it makes, and she is not at all shy about pointing mistakes out."

"Some people who read about her latest contretemps with government may snicker and laugh," says Buck, "but most of them are pretty proud of her. She has a tremendously analytical mind, and she devotes a lot of study to determining what can be done to improve flying in general. This means getting at government and the FAA. They may scream, but a lot of their rules need getting at and a lot of people in aviation respect Marion for getting at them."

Recently the new management of *Air Facts* began editing her copy. Four articles that appeared in the past two years have not only been cut but rewritten in a prose style distinctly not hers. "Just read this," she says, making sure that the articles are out of reach. "I wrote, 'I puzzled. . . .' They changed it to '*The inner pilot* in me puzzled. . . .' Isn't that disgusting? I sent a letter saying the proper place for editors' comments is in a footnote properly annotated."

Marion obviously makes no effort to hide her scorn for editors. "When I wrote my flying book," she says, "do you know what they wanted to call it? *With a Powder Puff in My Cockpit*." Pity the editor who came up with that one.

The book—*I Fly As I Please*—was published by Vanguard in 1953 and is a lively, frequently funny account of her adventures in the air and her observations above and on the ground. In it she writes: "People fly for a variety of reasons, but speaking personally I have never had that intoxicating sense of freedom in the air that is so movingly described by most writers on flying. I don't feel in the least like a bird and have no desire to dart and swoop, not to mention the fact that a plane is rather a clumsy instrument for such endeavors, being considerably less maneuverable, even if higher powered, than a swallow."

Marion has spent little time on the ground since taking to the air. She has flown over virtually every square mile of the U.S., over much of South and Central America, Europe and Africa. In the early years she made the ocean crossings with co-pilots, usually choosing off-duty commercial pilots here or in Europe. After the completion of her first successful solo crossing at 74, she decided she had no future need for co-pilots. "They just take up room," she says. "If you have a co-pilot who is a better pilot than you, then you are just a passenger. If he is not as good as you, then he is just a nuisance. If the plane is already overloaded, there is no reason to add another 160 pounds to it."

She often refuses to carry a life raft although officials repeatedly insist that she must. "Flying across the North Atlantic, the water is 37°," she says. "How long will you last sitting in a rubber tub?"

She prefers to carry her extra weight in gasoline. With its auxiliary tanks, her Bonanza has a 2,300-mile range that is enough to fly detours around bad weather. She does carry a survival kit of sorts. It consists of a Boy Scout hunting knife, a quart canteen of water, a flashlight, a book of matches and, when flying over jungle, a can of Flit and a machete. Fortunately, she has never needed to use it.

"I'll tell you an amazing story about her," says Leighton Collins. "I knew a physicist who, like Marion, was a nut about single-engine aircraft. He crossed the ocean nearly as frequently as she did. With their scientific backgrounds, it seemed natural to get them together. I introduced them one day in New York, and they decided to fly up to Boston together in a new plane he borrowed while his was being repaired. En route the engine failed, and they had to come down in a field in Connecticut. As they were approaching ground Marion asked quietly, 'Are you going to put the landing gear down?' He did, they made a perfect landing, and they both dismissed the incident."

It is not Marion Hart's nature to worry. "I can't say I was ever so frightened I was hysterical," she says, "but things happen. A bird flew into a wing and ripped it open in Ethiopia. On my first Bonanza the main spar that holds the wings on cracked in flight. Fortunately, the wings did not fall off until I was on the ground. I had two radios on the trip last year and lost both of them between Ceylon and Pakistan. Before I managed to get where I was going by dead reckoning, I inadvertently flew through a military zone closed to air traffic.

"Then, coming into Iceland my communications receiver went bad. At the same time the Iceland beacon went off the air. I did not know whether the beacon, my radio, or what, was out. When I passed the weather ship they told me I was on a course I did not expect to be on. I decided my compass must be faulty. I reached up and felt a drop of compass fluid. But I had eight hours of gas left, so I could not very well declare an emergency. I just kept going, and fortunately, Iceland turned up.

"People always ask me about close calls," she says. "My answer to that is 'nothing fatal.' "

She is even more positive when asked about being lost. "I have never been lost," she snaps. "Only mislaid."

It is difficult to imagine Marion Rice Hart being lost or mislaid anywhere, but it is even more difficult to imagine her ever slowing down. Age, after all, is for old people, and Marion Hart is 83 years young. **END**

fran vs. the steel curtain

When Super Bowl IX gets under way Sunday in New Orleans, the most vital matchup will be between the Pittsburgh Steelers' massive defensive linemen and the Minnesota Vikings' adroit quarterback, Fran Tarkenton. Someone else may star—perhaps Pittsburgh's explosive Terry Bradshaw, maybe the Vikings' versatile Chuck Foreman—but the battle in the backfield between the scrambling Tarkenton and the onrushing Steelers will be the key to the most treasured victory in professional football.

Tarkenton has 14 years of experience to draw on as he plots how to get the Minnesota offense moving

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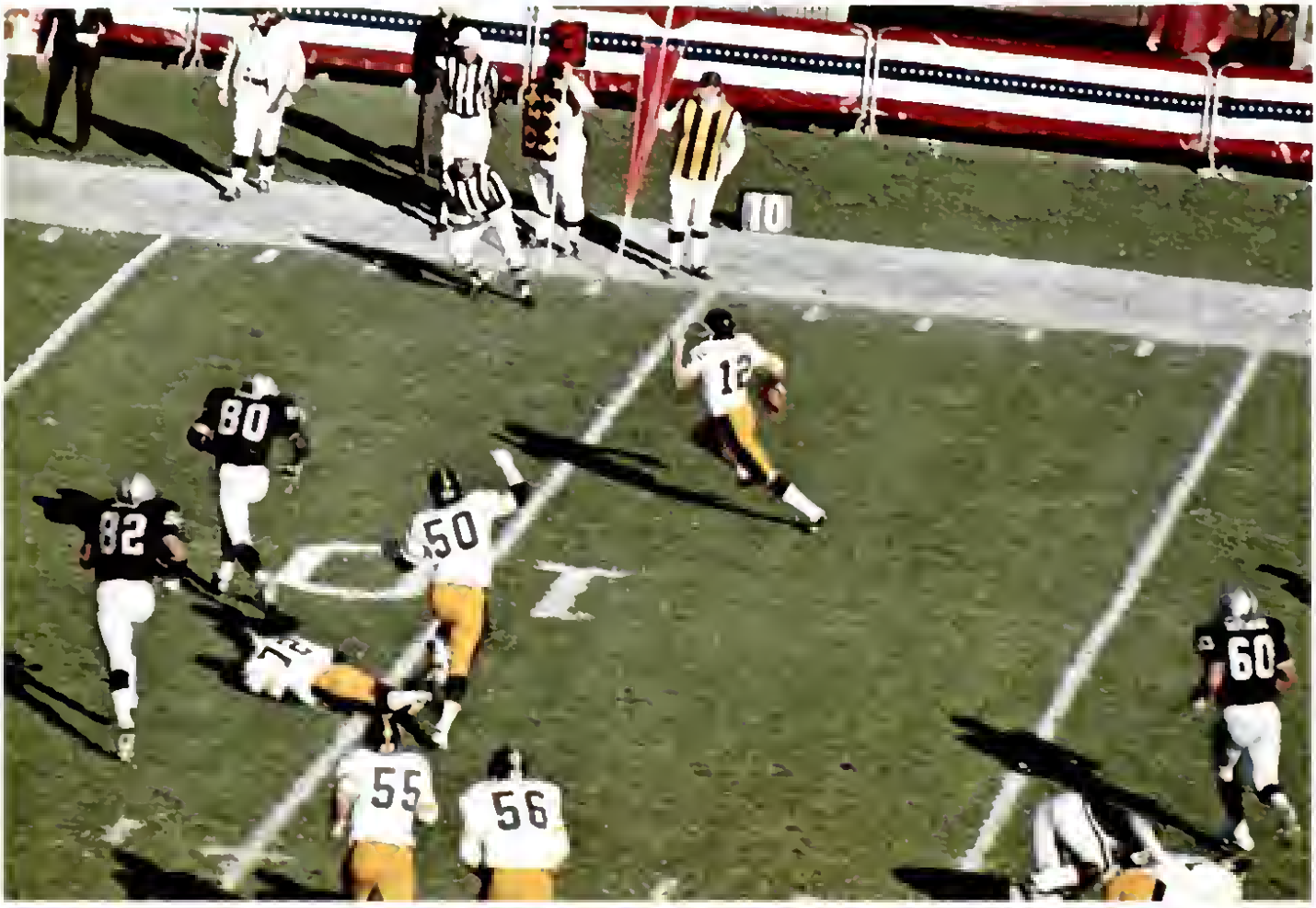
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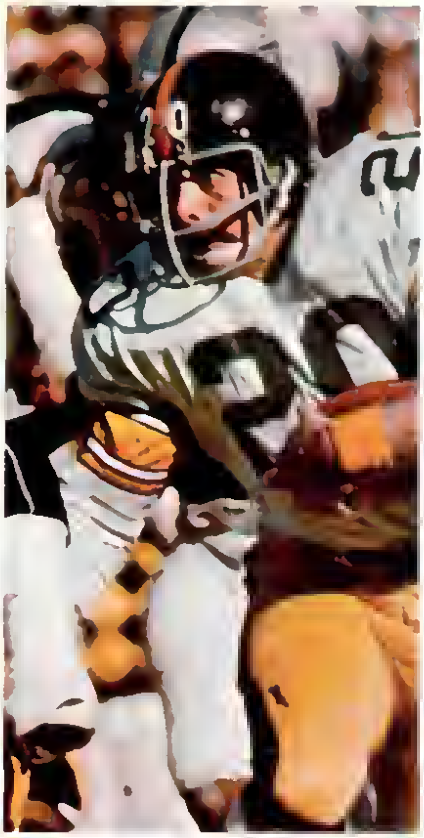
Pittsburgh rookie Lynn Swann poses a threat returning punts, catching passes and even running reverses.

Viking John Gilliam is a dangerous deep receiver. He averaged more than 20 yards on his 26 catches in 1974

Terkenton (above, left) will require a lot of protection against the Steelers' relentless rush when he retreats to throw. When pressured, he likes to flip short passes to Foreman (44). Bradshaw (12, below) is more likely to run if he can't find a receiver or is chased out of the pocket

Pittsburgh's redoubtable front four and its quick linebackers led the league in sacking opposing quarterbacks, forced numerous

interceptions and put a tight clamp on the Buffalo and Oakland running attacks in the playoffs.



Minnesota's Dave Osborn (right), a 10-year veteran who reclaimed his starting position this year, ran for 514 yards, his finest showing since the 1970 season.

Foremen (left) led the Vikings in rushing with 777 yards and all NFC running backs with 53 pass receptions. He also led the entire NFL with 15 touchdowns.

Steeler Rocky Bleier (left) ran for 98 yards, his best performance as a pro, against Oakland in the AFC championship game. He is also a rattling blocker

Pittsburgh's Franco Harris (right) finished strongly for his second 1,000-yard season. He gained 111 yards and scored two big touchdowns against the Raiders

adventures of terry and the vikings

And so the leemen cometh again. For the second straight year and the third time in all, the Minnesota Vikings are in the Super Bowl, scene of their greatest disasters. With two defeats the Vikings are the losingest team in the big game's brief history. But take heart, Minnesota fans, in Super Bowl IX your Vikes are fairly matched. The Pittsburgh Steelers are the NFL's losingest team over the last 40 years.

Football players, like parrots, are taught by rote. They spend hours during the week walking through what they will run through on Sunday. They are creatures of habit. Destroy their routine and you destroy them. Since there is no routine to prepare a player for the experience of Super Bowl week, it is not a coincidence that teams playing in the game for the first time have always lost to opponents who have been there before. When the Vikings lost for the second time last year, they had the misfortune to be playing Miami, which was appearing for the third time.

This matchup of Super Bowl experience vs. inexperience could hurt Pittsburgh. Moreover, the Viking starters average almost three years' more professional playing time per man than the Steelers. And Viking Coach Bud Grant has an edge in that he has been through the ordeal of Super Week twice. Last year, when he expressed outrage at the training facilities provided for his ball club, Grant apparently was trying to divert the insistent attention of 1,500 press, radio and TV people from his players to himself. This year he quietly informed the NFL that he would be more than pleased if practice conditions in New Orleans were as good as they had been in *Houston*.

The Vikings will need every advantage they can find because—on paper at least—Pittsburgh is clearly superior. The Steelers, like the Vikings a few years ago, have the league's best defensive front four. Minnesota's famed Purple People Eaters are not as voracious as they once were, nor is it likely they ever were as awesome as Pittsburgh's Steel Curtain. Mean Joe Greene, Dwight White, L.C. Greenwood and Ernie Holmes. The Steelers led the league in sacking opposing quarterbacks, although they may find their hands full (or empty) when the Steel Curtain tries to close down on the Vikings' elusive Fran Tarkenton, the best scrambler in pro football (his total yards rushing, much of it unpremeditated, is 11th best among active NFC players). A more telling gauge of the front four's effectiveness is the Steelers' pass defense. Pittsburgh's defensive backs are not generally thought of as Pro Bowl caliber, yet the pressure of the line on quarterbacks is such that the Steelers intercepted 11 more passes than any other team in 1973 and in 1974 led the league in pass defense. The Vikings will have to mount an effective ground game to curtail an all-out pass rush, yet in the playoffs the aggressive Steelers all but bankrupted opposing runners, allowing Buffalo's glittering O.J. Simpson only 49 yards and the entire Oakland Raider backfield just 29.

The Pittsburgh offense, *not quite* so impressive as its defense, is nonetheless strong. The Steelers were the AFC's best rushing team, with powerful Franco Harris gaining more than 1,000 yards. The engaging Rocky Bleier was highly effective as Harris' running mate in the playoffs. And 26-year-old Terry Bradshaw, the 6'3", 215-pound quarterback, is a far bigger threat to run with the ball than the older (34), shorter (6'), lighter (190) Tarkenton now is.

The 1974 season was critical and almost disastrous for Bradshaw. He was benched for six weeks while critics wondered if he had the intelligence to quarterback a pro team. When Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll finally eased him into the starting lineup again, he was not particularly impressive, but in the Steelers' last four games, season-ending victories over New England and Cincinnati and playoff triumphs over Buffalo and Oakland, he was magnificent. He completed over 60% of his passes and developed the ability to run his club with confidence, even changing plays at the line of scrimmage. This is important because Minnesota's use of the 14-man defensive huddle means that a quarterback does not know until then which 11 defensive players will be on the field when play begins.

Such poise under pressure is old hat to Tarkenton. After 14 seasons he is second only to John Unitas in career completions, passing yardage and touchdown passes and will probably end up on top in all three. He uses his runners Chuck Foreman and Dave Osborn—skillfully, and often passes to Foreman, who led NFC runners in receptions. He also has a superb deep threat in John Gilliam, which is significant, considering Tarkenton's penchant for the homb.

Minnesota is opportunistic, an apparently slipshod team that rises to the occasion. This year it allowed more yardage than nine other teams but fewer touchdowns than anybody. That, too, reflects experience. When Bradshaw was a rookie he pledged, "I'm going to take the Steelers to the Super Bowl." Tarkenton has already taken his team to the Super Bowl. He knows that is not enough.

—Joe Marshall

Vikings' Grant

Steelers' Noll

Sporting a new beard and a new confidence, Bradshaw could lead the Steelers to their first NFL championship.

To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it certainly is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage. And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar" 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

THIS APPRENTICE IS A SORCERER

Only 19 and in his first year as a race rider, tiny, freckle-faced Chris McCarron wove a spell that brought his mounts to the winner's circle 547 times in 1974, breaking all records

by FRANK DEFORD

Oh, it's a shame Bill Stern isn't still around to tell this one. What a field day he would have had. If you've never heard of Bill Stern, or have forgotten him, he was a sports announcer who featured a fedora and a distinctive style back when Howard Cosell was still a mere child thumbing through a thesaurus, memorizing the longest synonyms. Stern's broadcasts were highlighted by dramatic vignettes that were often uplifting—the last sentence beginning "Despite that handicap, . . ."—or had a homely little twist, a heart-tugger. In his rich voice Stern would portentously exclaim, "And that tousle-haired little bat boy grew up to be . . . Francis Cardinal Spellman!"—or Omar Bradley or Mad Man Muntz or Eleanor Roosevelt or whoever.

Which brings us to Christopher McCarron, age 19, only lately of Christopher Columbus High School in the Dorchester section of Boston. What flights of fancy Bill Stern would have taken with the nice little fellow all his friends call Chrissie! Here is the story.

On Dec. 6, 1973 at Laurel Race Course in Maryland, Chrissie, a $90-a-week groom who had been "terrified" of a horse the first time he had been put up on one, was standing near the winner's circle when Sandy Hawley came home with his 486th win of the year to break Willie Shoemaker's unbreakable world record that had stood for 20 years. "He beat me," McCarron says of Hawley, meaning he had bet on another horse, "but I didn't care. It was such a thrill just because I was standing there and saw history being made."

Hawley, who had mapped out his assault on the record like a military campaign, finished 1973 with 515 winners, a mark guaranteed to stand, as us bobby-soxers used to say, until bobby pins ride on permanent waves. On Jan. 24, 1974, Chrissie McCarron rode his first race. He did not ride his first winner until Feb. 9.

continued

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The mood: lazy.
The drink: KAHLÚA & Milk.
What a delicious way to enjoy a day. One ounce of Kahlúa... four ounces of milk... over ice. Now you've got it. One very adult milkshake.
To really make the most of Kahlúa, send for our recipe book. It's on us. Because you deserve something nice.

The Classic of Time
In the 1920's, Antal Dorati (now Music Director of the National Symphony Orchestra) first began composing and conducting in Europe. And Rolex was the finest watch in the world.
Since then, watch fashions have come and gone. And Mr. Dorati is celebrated all over the world for his music. But the simple strength and integrity of Mr. Dorati's Rolex remains unchanged.
The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer Day-Date. In 18kt. gold with matching President bracelet (1803/8385) $2,950. Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.
ROLEX

Soon he rode three wins the same day, a feat he celebrated by "throwing a potty." Then six winners in a day. And, moving right along, on Dec. 6, 1974, exactly a year to the day after McCarron saw Hawley make history with 486 to top Shoemaker, McCarron rode his 486th. On Dec. 17 he rode his 516th to break Hawley's mark and he ended the year with 547, a record certain to last forever—although, as some people point out, McCarron will have all 12 months to ride in '75, and thus might beat his 11-month effort of '74.

Anyway, it has been an extraordinary experience for Chrissie, who will maintain his five-pound apprentice allowance until Feb. 25. He found the publicity uncomfortable and begged track officials at Laurel, where he was riding, to keep the press away and to stop announcing his numbers each time he came back to the winner's circle. Yet he was really unnerved only one time, late in November, when Baltimore *Sunpapers* Racing Editor William Boniface wrote in a column that McCarron was receiving "preferential treatment [from] turf officials, track operators and, for that matter, other jockeys."

Furious, McCarron dismissed the charge with one well-chosen barnyard epithet that shattered the innocent repose of his young acolyte's face. Red-haired (curly), bright-eyed (shining blue) and marvelously freckled, McCarron looks like Mason Reese might have appeared had he ever been a child. And yet, as young and guileless as McCarron appears, friends say he has aged during his arduous year. He rode seven days a week (and sometimes eight programs) almost continuously from June on, and accepted 2,199 mounts, itself a record.

Down the stretch, Laurel helped McCarron's quest by ferrying him by private plane and limousine up to Penn National, a minor-league track in Harrisburg, so that he could get in extra licks on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. This was a bit like Lou Brock popping over to Elmira on Cardinal off-days to steal a few bases in the Eastern League, but in racing a win is a win, wherever you get it, so McCarron was only honoring a long tradition. Shoemaker used to moonlight at Agua Caliente in Tijuana when he was going for the title.

The racing circuit in and around Maryland seems to foster more hot jocks than anyplace else in the country. Hawley worked there when he wasn't in Canada. Jimbo Braceiale and Darrel McHargue both had fantastic runs there the last couple of years. Ronnie Ferraro, who in 1962 was the last apprentice before McCarron to win the riding crown, got most of his wins in Maryland. Jesse Davidson won a national title just up the road at Charles Town. Joe Culmone, in Maryland, battled Shoemaker for the record in 1950 and Bill Hartack stormed in from West Virginia right after that. Some boy always seems to be tearing the place apart. Maryland, traditionally an active racing state, nurtures keen horsemen—although McCarron's teacher, Trainer Odie Clelland, comes from New England. On the other hand, the competition in Maryland is nothing like that in New York. No kid could score in the Big Apple as McCarron and his predecessors have in the Free State. It's like opening a good act out of town.

And then, Maryland also seems to help the hot jock by winking at the way he gets to select his mounts. A clever agent, such as McCarron's Eddie Kinlaw, can get his boy up, provisionally, on a number of horses in any race and then pick the best bet at the last minute. Most other states are more stringent. They require the agent to specify a first call and a second call (and no more) when the entries are first made.

The charge that the stewards and other jocks set McCarron up is another thing—an old chestnut invariably roasted whenever a kid starts winging, since the track profits by the publicity. Set the boy down and you're dimming your star, your gate attraction.

As to why other riders would help the kid, there are two explanations. The benign one is that jockeys are nice to one another. The other is that they are larcenous. If riders are going to, shall we say, arrange a race, the easiest way to stitch it together with the minimum of suspicion is to put the hot kid on the engine. The indelicacy of even bothering to tell him that it is a boat race is avoided, since he is all out every race. That is the age-old cynical view about hot boys and their competitors.

On the other hand, because McCarron is so young, an apprentice, he seems to have had a harder time with his colleagues than did Hawley, who was their journeyman contemporary. "I don't see why we should be spotting five pounds to that little so-and-so," Chrissie heard an older jock grumble, just loud enough for him to hear, after McCarron had won another race. He sensed the other riders' jealousy when TV's bright lights invaded the jocks' room. And read what you want into this cryptic exchange that Dale Austin, a Baltimore *Sun* writer, overheard between two jockeys after a race.

One of the riders was a close friend of McCarron, the other a clever, solid old jock just in from another track. He had

KNEELING ON BENCH IN JOCKEYS' ROOM

leaned on McCarron all down the stretch. "Hey," said the friend as they weighed out, "you were kind of rough on the kid. We don't ride like that down here."

"O.K.," snapped the newcomer. "So now I know where you stand and you know where I stand."

Yet Chrissie was unquestionably eased into the jockey community more smoothly (he picked up an agent almost immediately) because of his older brother Gregg, a journeyman rider good enough to win 299 races and $100,000 in a year. But the big-brother sword cuts two ways. Gregg, five years Chrissie's senior, was

'better than me at everything," and long after he had outdueled every other jock around, Chrissie still could not beat Gregg. It took him 2½ months When he drew within striking distance of the record 516, the younger McCarron began to fantasize, to dream of himself breaking the record by beating Gregg.

Bill' Bill Stein' Put your hat on and come over here and get a load of this.

Gray, overcast, 3:19 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 17, the seventh at Laurel, seven furlongs for 3-year-old $14,000 claimers. McCarron had tied Hawley's mark the day before, but he has the collar so far

McCARRON LOOKS TOO YOUNG TO BE A RIDER

today, 0-for-5, as he gets tossed up on Ohmylove, a dark bay colt, the 3-to-5 favorite, by Dickie Dutrow, one of the leading trainers in the country

In the murk and the mud, Ohmylove breaks on top, but an 18-to-1 shot, Boston Ego, named for McCarron's hometown, takes the lead by a length and a half and still has a half-length margin with an eighth of a mile to go. In the winner's circle, straining to see, the father, Herbert McCarron, who is State Secretary for the Knights of Columbus in Massachusetts, suddenly remembers who is riding the leader on the rail. "Oh my God," he says. "It's Gregg he has to beat." A pause, this is no time to be an even-handed father "Come on Chris, come on!"

Moving to the outside, pushing his bay—"under strong handling" read the chart—Chrissie inches his mount up on Boston Ego. He sneaks a look over at his brother, just like in his dreams. "I saw how hard Gregg was riding, and that gave me inspiration," he says later A few strides from the wire, the bay catches Boston Ego. Ohmylove hangs on by a nose A few strides past the wire, the older brother reaches out and shakes his younger brother's hand.

Despite their slight size, the McCarron brothers were active in sports growing up in Boston. The family had Bruin season tickets, and even if Gregg was the better athlete, Chrissie—5'3" and barely 95 pounds then—played varsity for Christopher Columbus in hockey, as a right wing, and in Little League baseball, as a second baseman "Mostly I bunted or walked," he says.

Chrissie probably would have gone on to college but, seeing his brother's success at the track, he started walking horses at Suffolk and Rockingham, and latched on to Odie Clelland after he graduated from high school in '72. It was months before Clelland let the little redhead get up on a thoroughbred, and then McCarron got down quickly in fear, Confidence came slowly. "That man is unbelievable," McCarron says of Clelland. "Odie made me wait—the more time it takes to train a boy to ride, the better he can be. And when I started going for the record, he stopped asking me to work mornings, so I could just stay in bed. Listen, he still pays me that $90 a week contract money, and here I am making $5,000 a week at the races."

The money, more than a quarter of a million dollars last year, goes into a trust, handled by his mother, Helen Maguire McCarron. (The map of Ireland on Chrissie's face comes from both sides.) He hasn't had time to get a big head, even if he were disposed to, which seems unlikely anyway. It has all come so fast, and he has spent most of his time on horseback. His one big splurge is a new Audi When he was setting a meet record of 118 wins in 60 days at Pimlico last spring, he was driving a 1959 VW and "catching three stalls for Odie every morning."

By the time he loses his five-pound bug next month, he may already be 100 or 125 winners ahead of his '74 pace, but there should be no dramatic decline in his fortunes As far back as last summer, Dutrow, a breezy 36-year-old high school dropout whose training records are almost as noteworthy as McCarron's riding marks, told the kid not to worry, he would keep giving him first call with his big string after he lost the bug. "He's got the good hands, like Hawley, and he can feel the pace, like Bracciale," Dutrow says behind his amber-tinted glasses "He just makes them run."

Far from being an adolescent hell-for-leather daredevil, McCarron rides thoughtfully, "like an old man," according to some He has a mystical instinct that enables him to stay out of trouble and to move at the right time He still occasionally gets outhustled to the wire by a cagey old hand, and he says he finds it difficult to whip a strong horse and guide him at the same time, although horsemen marvel at his powerful left-hand whip Every top jock is able to handle at least one aspect of his craft exceptionally well; this boy is nearly peerless on the left flank

By numbers, no rider has ever had a year such as McCarron had in his first For that matter, it is likely no athlete in any sport has ever started off so spectacularly. "I didn't have a slump all year," he says in wonder He was not injured, and his few brief suspensions served more as welcome respites than punishment, although he was too young and buoyant to be exhausted by his unremitting schedule. He was never without live mounts and—witness his record-breaking race—even his dreams came true.

And yet, despite his good fortune, Chrissie's accomplishment is too substantial for him not to be the real goods. "He could be one of the greatest riders in history," says veteran jockey Herb Hinojosa, who rode against him much of the year. Leroy Moyers, another older rider, says, "I've never seen a kid that could horseback like him in his first year. He could be better than Shoemaker. I know that's a big statement, but he's that good, believe me."

And—you're on the air, Bill—that redheaded little right wing grew up to be . . . Chris McCarron! ENO

Waking up to an upset

Caught dozing against the Deacon zone, top-ranked N.C. State lost

In the week of the wipe-out, it was scarcely astonishing that there in the middle was national champion, No. 1, David Thompson-led, 36-game-winning-streak North Carolina State scrambling in a panic with a lineup that included a gimpy-legged second-stringer and a backcourt the size of which has not been seen since the days of Snow White. And there, too, was the Wolfpack getting its tail hustled off 83–78 by none other than Wake Forest.

Wake Forest is a Baptist stronghold and a golf school, the place that invented Arnold Palmer. It is located in a tobacco warehouse in Winston-Salem or Liggett & Myers or someplace, yet each season it knocks the pride out of somebody. Last week when everybody but Kenneth Parkinson was losing, the Deacons pulled off the biggest caper of all. It was a marvelously executed conspiracy against the Wolfpack that they cooked up, and it was no fluke.

Other flopsy-wopsy developments resulted in six Top 10 teams going down. Maryland lost at home to UCLA, and three Eastern teams—St. John's, LaSalle and Fordham—knocked off unbeaten Providence, Alabama and Southern Cal respectively in holiday tournament finals.

Though the holidays were over in North Carolina, except for celebrating the end of the Catfish Huntering season, the folks in Greensboro dished up their annual Big Four feast, involving their beloved Tobacco Road schools, and the upsets continued. Not only was State defeated, but Duke, under new Coach Bill Foster, stunned North Carolina 99–96 in overtime.

The next evening the two dazed finalists battled until Wake Forest defeated the Blue Devils 75–71, with marvelous Skip Brown scoring 28 points.

Even before their Big Four victory Coach Carl Tacy's youthful Deacons had shown signs of precocity while copping pleas in their three losses. Wake succumbed at William and Mary after Brown fouled out. The Deacons led Maryland by seven points before losing Brown to an injury. And they were five up on Washington State with five minutes to play, but failed to score thereafter.

At Greensboro, however, people were less inclined to attribute the upset to the Deacons' ability than to the Wolfpack's desultory play. State indeed seemed unexcited, yet it really was the Deacons' tight, unnerving 1-2-2 zone and their jamming underneath to force the Pack shooters far outside that decided the game. Wake also took away the Alley-Oop passes to Thompson, which he uses to score many of his 33 points a game.

Barely two minutes had been played when Thompson went up for one of those high passes. Rod Griffin, a 6′7″ freshman, went up with him and knocked the ball away. Alley Oooooops. It was the last such pass of the evening. Instead, Monte Towe, Phil Spence and Thompson were challenged to fire from outside.

Inasmuch as this trio had been averaging 58% from the floor, the strategy seemed implausible. It worked perfectly. Thompson missed 15 of 20 shots and Towe 15 of 22. Spence had to muscle inside for his eight baskets.

Meanwhile the soph backcourt combination of Brown and Jerry Schellenberg embarrassed State with smart ball control, cutbacks for open shots and long-bomb passes that led to hoops.

Brown looks enough like Michael of the Jackson Five that, says one Wake man, "Every time he opens his mouth, I expect *Got To Be There* to come out." Brown was there with 25 points and eight assists. Schellenberg, a converted 6′6″ forward from Floyds Knob, Ind., played the game of his life, adding 17 points, and 6′8″ Cal Stamp held the bigger Wolfpack off the boards.

The Deacons led by 10 at halftime and again by 10 (74–64) with 3:30 left in the game. Then the Wolfpack made its final move, with Spence scoring six straight points and that limping reserve forward, Mark Moeller, putting in a jump shot to cut the margin to 74–72. But the Pack could never get closer.

Thompson attempted to intercept a pass and fouled out with 31 seconds to go. He departed as he had played, with

STAMP CANCELS WOLFPACK'S THOMPSON AND SPENCE WITH ONE OF HIS 13 REBOUNDS

a shrug, leaving State with that strange lineup, including 5'6" Towe and 5'9" freshman Craig Davis.

"A man is entitled to a bad game," said Thompson in the subdued locker room. "My trajectory was right, but everything else went wrong. I hate zones."

Which was an understandable prejudice, except that State used exactly that defense the next night to run out North Carolina 82–67—with Thompson scoring 26 points—and looked like the champ all over again.

The Pack was back, of course. The question was for how long.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST "We'll play the jayvees and face the music," said Michigan State Coach Gus Ganakas after suspending 10 black players for walking out before a game against Indiana. At the vortex of the situation was Jeff Tropf, a 6'7" white freshman. When Ganakas announced that Tropf was to start and guard Steve Green of the Hoosiers, the dissidents objected and left. Urgent calls were made to round up jayvees, some of whom were home for the holidays. With them, the Spartans faced the music, and neither generous substituting by Indiana Coach Bobby Knight nor 21 points by Tropf could keep Michigan State from its worst-ever loss, 107–55.

"We were just kind of floating," said Purdue Coach Fred Schaus after Minnesota had submerged the drifting Boilermakers 54–51. Minnesota also won 61–46 over Wisconsin, which shot 28.8% and scored its fewest points in a Big Ten game since 1951-52. Michigan outlasted Illinois 86–84 in double overtime and bopped Ohio State 85–73.

It was a dream pairing for opening night of Southeastern Conference play when last season's co-champions, Alabama and Vanderbilt, squared off in Tuscaloosa. For the Commodores it wound up more like a nightmare as they committed 25 turnovers to just seven by the Tide and lost 104–77. Two other lopsided winners in SEC contests were Tennessee, 96–81 over Auburn, and Kentucky, 115–80 over LSU. Freshman Bernard King of the Volunteers had 28 points and 20 rebounds. Soph Forward Ernie Grunfeld, recovered from a broken wrist, added 26 points for the Vols. Kentucky got 33 points and 26 rebounds from its freshman centers, Mark Phillips and Rick Robey.

In the first round of the Sugar Bowl tournament earlier in the week, Alabama beat Houston 105–88 and LaSalle downed Furman 69–64. The Explorers then shocked the Tide 77–73 in the showdown, dedicating their efforts to Dr. Gene Gallagher, their team physician who had suffered a heart attack during their first game and died. With the score 73-all, 6'10" Forward Joe Bryant of LaSalle put in the game's final four points.

A new play, call it Screen Out the Refs, helped Marquette to fend off DePaul 61–60. Ron Norwood had put the visiting Blue Demons ahead 60–59 with 18 seconds left by hitting a 15-foot jumper, and when the Warriors tossed the ball out of bounds with nine seconds to go, the verdict seemed sealed. But both officials' views were blocked when the ball went astray and it was awarded to the Warriors. Marquette inbounded the ball and Jerry Homan tipped in a missed shot for the decisive points with four seconds remaining. "I can hardly wait till they come to our place Feb. 1," said DePaul Coach Ray Meyer of the impending rematch. His counterpart, the usually verbose Al McGuire, said little except, "I'm not looking forward to Feb. 1."

1. INDIANA (12-0) 2. ALABAMA (7-1)

WEST "If UCLA played North Carolina State now, they'd beat them badly," said Davidson Coach Bo Brickles after being zapped 91–64 by the Bruins. Two weeks earlier he had lost to the Wolfpack 95–79. No less impressed was Oklahoma Coach Joe Ramsey, who said following a 111–66 shellacking by the Bruins, "They have the greatest bench Wooden has ever had."

USC knocked off Villanova 101–74 and Furman 91–84, but it wasn't all that easy. Although three Wildcat starters were benched for 10 minutes in a mild disciplinary move, the Trojans labored before pulling away. Against Furman, they trailed 39–36 early in the second half before rallying.

Oregon tripped Washington State 74–65 to win the Far West Classic, then beat Providence 86–73. Greg Ballard of the Ducks had 19 of his 23 points in the second half against State. Playmaker Ron Lee was named the Classic's MVP and later tallied 19 points and 11 assists against the Friars. Providence also lost 96–68 to San Francisco.

Arizona State upped its record to 11-1 with 80–71 and 76–70 wins over Oregon State, and Arizona was 10-1 after edging past Texas Tech 62–61 in overtime. Utah (9-2) defeated Nevada-Reno 101–77 and Utah State 83–77. And BYU's revitalized run-and-gun offense did in Bradley 100–87.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. USC (10-1)

EAST "If they were supposed to have all the big trees up front, then we must be a bunch of lumberjacks," said Fordham's Kevin Fallon after the Rams had reduced heavily favored Southern Cal's tall timber to kindling by taking the finale of the ECAC Holiday Festival 83–66. Fallon had 22 points in that game and tournament MVP Darryl Brown scored 24.

Another New York City team, St. John's, took the ECAC Ocean State Holiday Classic by handing Providence its first setback 91–79. Tournament MVP Mel Utley of the Redmen had 25 points as the Friars' home winning streak was ended at 41 games. In the battle for third place, Drake took care of South Carolina with surprising ease, 92–71. Back home four days later, the Gamecocks beat Manhattan 82–63 as they put some English on the ball in the form of 6'8" Forward Alex English, who had 22 points and 14 rebounds. It was the best performance of the season for English, who played with a head cold and chest pains and admitted to a unique success formula: "I just play better when I'm sick."

Maryland bumped off Appalachian State 96–50 and Notre Dame 90–82. Adrian Dantley poured in 29 points for the Irish, but the Terps received 23 from John Lucas, 22 from Owen Brown and 15 from Tom Roy.

Princeton's defense Penned up the Quakers 50–49.

1. N.C. ST. (9-1) 2. MARYLAND (9-1)

MIDWEST Louisville's Cardinals were nearly defeathered at home by Bradley, but given a late break, the undefeated Cards winged their way to an 82–80 overtime victory in their opening Missouri Valley Conference game. A missed free throw with 10 seconds remaining in regulation time cost the Braves an almost certain win. Had the shot gone in, they would have led 71–68. As it was, the Cardinals rebounded the missed shot, called a time-out and sent the game into overtime on Ricky Gallon's tip-in.

Wichita State's Shockers lived up to their nickname, upending Memphis State 95–91. Wichita had 25 points from 6'10" Bob Elmore and 18 from 5'9" Calvin Bruton, who wore a knee-to-ankle Fiberglas cast, plastic braces and a supporting cup under his injured foot. Memphis State, struggling ever since leading scorer Dexter Reed was hurt in mid-December, then whomped Georgia State 102–76 and, with Reed's replacement, John Tunstall, getting 22 points, stopped Western Kentucky 79–72.

Kansas held off Iowa State 76–75 to wrap up the Big Eight tournament title.

1. LOUISVILLE (8-0) 2. KANSAS (7-4)

SKIING / *Dan Levin*

On the trail of the singular ski

Whether shooting the Hawaiian surf or schussing Sun Valley's slopes, Mike Doyle has a one-track mind

Mike Doyle was once the Great Kahuna, Surfer Number One. He was a cult hero; *Surfer* magazine's poll named him the world's best in 1955 and 1956, and he was closing in on his life's goal: "I'm going to live on the beach at Malibu, collect Coke bottles for a living, and surf every day." That was the old Doyle. The new one is more mature, businesslike and a skier of considerable note. Well, except for one nagging thing. He's booming along on one ski, and it looks suspiciously like a mini-surfboard.

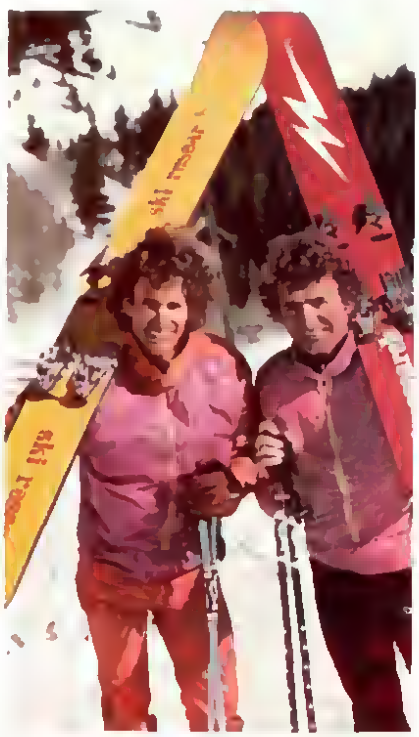
This contraption is not calculated to revolutionize skiing, just stir it up a bit. With both boots locked onto his monoski, Doyle makes it look easy, showing what appears to be a flawless parallel technique, particularly while planing through deep powder and rising up in great wheeling leaps.

In the six years or so that he has been working to perfect his invention—and never failing to draw a crowd—Doyle has discovered both the good and the bad news about it. The ski is best in powder snow and on the loosely crumbling surface that skiers call crud. It is least effective on ice and hard pack. Because of its larger surface, the monoski rides powder beautifully and planes higher than two skis. On crud, Doyle claims, it reduces the perils; crossed tips at 40 mph can be shattering. And since the single ski is far easier to turn than two skis—one edge creates less resistance and carves a sharper path than two—it can be maneuvered more readily. Still, there are easier feats than standing up on a monoski after falling. Doyle is working to improve the quick-release bindings.

Skiing the single ski is really an extension of Mike Doyle's surfing style. "The racers are the heroes in skiing," he says. "The big thing has always been the fastest route down the hill. But I take the more esthetic approach. I go up the wall of a snowbowl as high as my speed can take me. Then I swerve down and go up the other wall, like riding up and down a wave. With this ski you look for the contours—the bumps and the lumps, maybe a big rock to jump over—and it's safe."

As a boy in Los Angeles, Doyle also sought the esthetics. He virtually lived year-round at Malibu Beach, though it was 10 miles from his home. They called him Malibu Mike. His hero was a guy who lived on the beach in a palm-frond shack and ate hot dogs every night. He was known as Tube Steak. "You could do that then," Doyle says. "I thought that was the way to live, and I still do." Two months after graduating from high school, Doyle went to Hawaii, to the big waves on the north shore of Oahu, and stayed until his money ran out.

In late 1968 he returned from Hawaii and spent the winter skiing and developing the idea of a single ski. Finally he "threw one together in three days," using surfboard materials—fiber glass, wood and foam—and took it up on California's Mammoth Mountain. About 40 people followed him, pointing and laughing, and



MIKE DOYLE (RIGHT) WITH A MONOPAL

Doyle says, "I felt that something big was about to happen." The ski was transparent, and Doyle could look down and watch the snow flash by beneath it. He could also look down and see the fiber glass start to shatter. As if that wasn't enough, the tail kept sliding out. Still, Doyle figured the concept was working.

An engineer and surfboard manufacturer named Bill Bahne agreed, and the two began experimenting, Bahne at the drawing board, Doyle on the snow at Jackson Hole, Wyo. The area offered the most challenging conditions: there were great canyons with almost vertical walls and rounded bottoms, their tops offering wind-carved overhangs and cornices. Doyle would shoot down one wall at 40 mph, then rocket up the other and, he claims, hit the cornice with so much G force that sometimes his head was level with his feet. "You'd never put yourself in that radical a situation on two skis," he says, "but *irregularities* in the snow didn't affect me."

One January morning there was so much fresh powder snow that skiers were pushing themselves chest-deep down one of Jackson Hole's steepest expert trails. Doyle leaned back on his ski and started planing. He porpoised onto and under the surface. He leaped into the air. Everybody wanted a single ski that day.

Soon, Doyle hopes, everyone will have one. Doyle and Bahne have just started production. Their first board, "the hot-dogger model," is 185 cm. long and goes for $200. Doyle has a sales plan. He wants to set up a single-ski racecourse in one of Sun Valley's famous snowbowls. "I can't go through a regular hard-pack course—slalom or downhill—as fast as a pro skier," he says, "but I can make a course where the single ski is superior. It will use all the angles—up one wall past a flag near a cornice, back down into a gully, then up the other side, around another flag and down and up another wall, over the lip and around still another flag and finally a turn to come back into the gully. You know, something like that."

An entrepreneur, an inventor, a salesman—it seems there is little left of Malibu Mike. Then again, maybe not. Really, only the shape of the wave has changed. **END**

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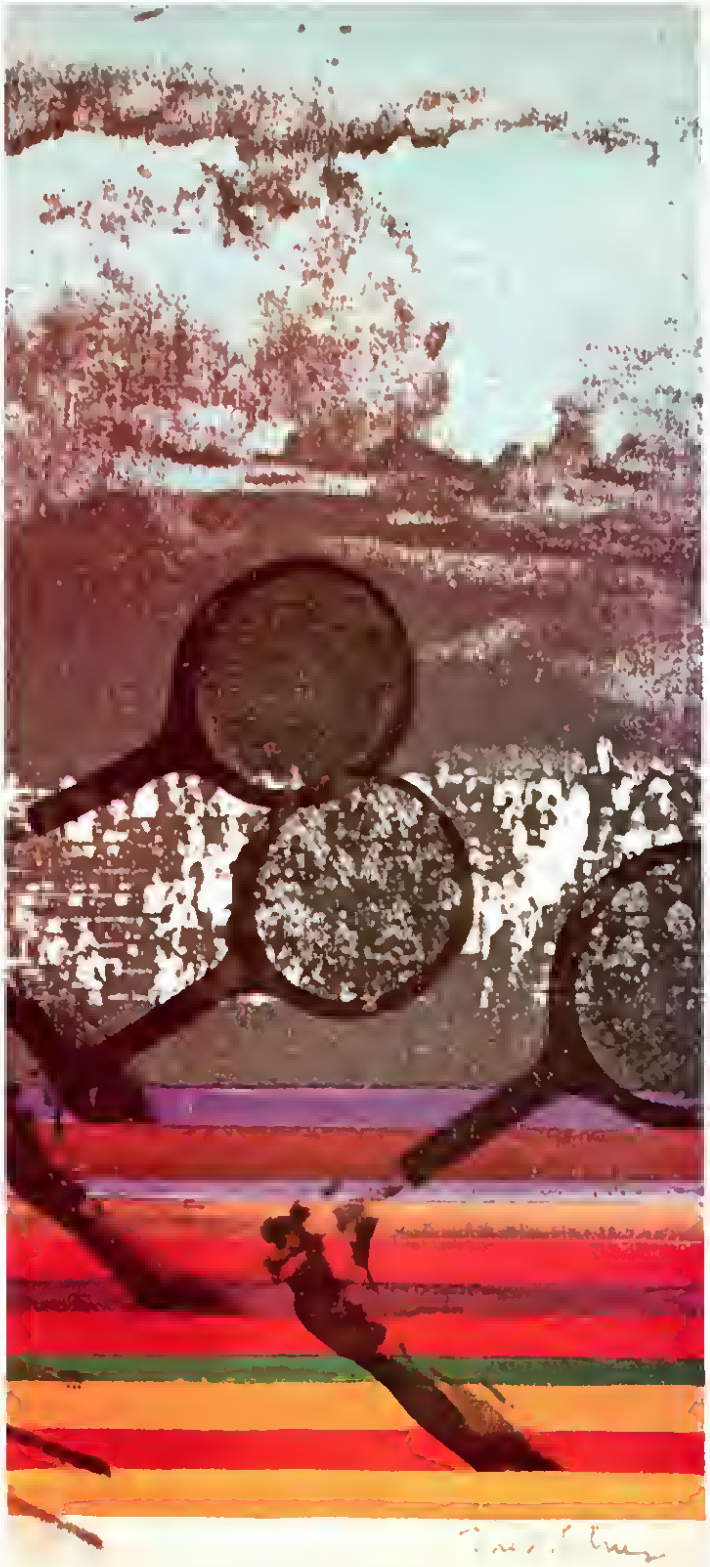

The green theater is lighted by the sun; there is silence and the play begins. Big Bill Tilden, racket in hand, enters from the shadows, giving all his gifts to a game he made his life

Hero with a Tragic Flaw

by Frank Deford

CONTINUED

There must be one moment, an instant, when genius is first realized. Almost never can that moment be perceived, and it passes unnoticed, but with Big Bill Tilden it is marked, forever frozen in time.

It occurred during the Wimbledon finals in 1920, when Tilden, who had never won a major championship, was opposing the defender, Gerald Patterson of Australia, the No. 1 player in the world. Patterson had a strong serve and forehand but was weak with a corkscrew backhand, and it seemed curious when Tilden began by playing to Patterson's forehand. The champion ran off the first four games and the set 6–2. But then, as the players changed sides for the first time in the second set, Tilden spotted his friend, the actress Peggy Wood, sitting in the first row. He looked straight at her and, with a reassuring nod, the kind delivered with lips screwed up in smug confidence, he signaled to her that all was well, that it had all come together at last, that finally, at the age of 27, he would be the next champion of the world.

Miss Wood had no notion that she was being used as a witness, but more than 50 years later she still cannot forget Tilden's expression, nor what followed. "Immediately," she says, as if magic were involved, "Bill began to play." He had solved Patterson's forehand, and the champion had nothing but weakness to fall back on. "A subtle change came over Patterson's game," the London *Times* correspondent wrote in evident confusion. "Things that looked easy went out." Tilden swept the next three sets, losing only nine games, and toward the end, the *Times* noted, he "made rather an exhibition of his opponent."

Big Bill did not lose another match of any significance anywhere in the world until a bad knee cost him a victory more than six years later. During this time he won every singles match he played at Forest Hills and Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup. For his whole career, he won seven U.S. titles—six in a row and three at Wimbledon and led his country to seven straight Davis Cup titles (his Challenge Round singles record was 16-4). He liked to disparage himself as a doubles player, but, in fact, he won five U.S. titles with three different partners (one a 15-year-old boy).

No man ever bestrode his sport as Tilden did during those years. It was not just that he could not be beaten, it was as if he had invented the game of tennis. Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones, Red Grange and the other fabled athletes of the times stood at the top of more popular sports, but Tilden simply was tennis in the public mind: Tilden and Tennis, it was said, in that order. He ruled the game as much by force of his curious, overbearing personality as by *his* proficiency. But he was *not* merely eccentric, he was the greatest irony in sport: to a game that suffered a "sissy" reputation he gave a swashbuckling, virile, athletic image, although he was, in fact, a homosexual, the only great athlete we know to have been one.

He was the proudest of men and the saddest, pitifully alone and shy, but never so happy as when he carried his rackets into the limelight or walked into a room and took it over. He often lost first sets and appeared to trap himself in defeat so that he could prolong his afternoon, the center of all attention, prancing and stalking upon his chalked stage, staring at officials, fuming at the crowd, toying with his opponent, playing the game and reveling in it.

An utterly scrupulous sportsman, obsessed with honor, he would throw points with grandeur if he felt a linesman had cheated the other player—and would become enraged if he was not paid in kind when he thought the point was owed him. "Peach!" he would cry in delight, saluting an opponent who made a good shot. And if inspired, or mad enough at his rival or the crowd, he would serve out the match by picking up five balls in one hand, pounding out four aces and then throwing the fifth ball away in disdain. "He is an artist," Franklin P. Adams wrote. "He is more of an artist than nine-tenths of the artists I know."

More than any other champion of any time, Tilden made himself great. Only a few years before he reached the pinnacle, he was unable to make his college team at Penn.

Highborn, wealthy, well-read, an accomplished bridge player, a connoisseur of fine music, he considered himself a writer and actor as well, but these vanities merely cost him great amounts of money and held him up to mockery. For all his intelligence, tennis was the only venture at which Bill Tilden could ever succeed until the day he died at age 60 in his walk-up room near Hollywood and Vine, a penniless ex-con, scorned or forgotten, and alone, as always. He died, it seems, of a broken heart.

To the end, through the good times and bad, he searched for one thing above all: a son. He could not have one, and so he would find one, make one, as he made himself a great player in tribute to the dead mother he worshiped. But the boys he found, whom he loved and taught, would grow up and put away childish things, which is what a game is, what tennis is and, ultimately, what Bill Tilden was.

Tilden was born in Philadelphia on Feb. 10, 1893 and christened William Tatem Tilden Jr., a name he hated because everybody called him Junior or June. Around his 25th birthday he changed the Jr. to II. He learned tennis at the age of seven at the family summer home in the Catskills, but the first clear vision of him as a player does not arise until a decade later when he was playing for Germantown Academy. Even at this small private school Tilden was not good enough to be No. 1. One day he was struggling—slugging everything—when Frank Deacon, one of his young friends, came by. Even then all of Tilden's friends were younger than he. At the end of a point, Deacon called in encouragement, "Hey, June, take it easy."

Tilden stopped dead and, with what became a characteristic gesture, he whirled to face the boy, put his hands on his hips and glared at him. "Deacon," he said, "I'll play my own sweet game."

And so he did, every day of his life. "I can stand crowds only when I am working in front of them," he wrote, "but then I love them." The crowds and the game may have been substitutes for sex. For a large part of his life, all the evidence suggests, he was primarily asexual, it was not until he began to fade as an athlete that his homosexual proclivities really took over. Throughout his career many tennis people knew the truth (the United States Lawn Tennis Association shuddered that it would out), but homosexuality was a taboo subject then, and it was kept from the public.

Glaring at a linesman, as he had at young Frank Deacon, Tilden certainly could appear swishy—"Who *is* this fruit?" Ty Cobb is supposed to have said the first time he saw Tilden—but all effeminacy vanished once he started playing. Tilden always minced about far more in the theater than on the court, and questioning line calls was, indisputably, theater to him.

Playing, he moved with a natural grace that was not unlike dancing, an activity he also had a talent for. Slim, double-jointed, with long arms and legs, Tilden had a remarkably functional athletic build. The boxing coach at Yale once tried to get him to take up the sport, marveling that he had "the most amazing footwork I've ever seen." He had wide, clothes-hanger shoulders and thin hips; he stood just over 6′ 1″ and weighed only 155. But Tilden worked at the illusion of size—Big Bill!—and almost all of his living contemporaries still refer to him as having been 6′ 3″ or 6′ 4″. They are amazed to learn the truth.

At a time when men wore hats, Tilden went uncovered. He wanted to be recognized, and he was, almost universally, abroad as well as in the U.S. He was the personification of tennis for two full decades, even long past his flower. As late as 1941, when Tilden was 48, a tour with Don Budge, then at the peak of his game, was arranged only because Tilden could serve as his opponent.

While Tilden was no match for the much younger Budge on those grueling one-night stands, he could play with anybody for a set right up until he died. During World War II, when Tilden was 50, Gardnar Mulloy organized a tennis exhibition for the Navy. Mulloy was to play Ted Schroeder, the Forest Hills champion, while Tilden, for old time's sake, was scheduled to play a nobody in the preliminary. "Let me play Schroeder," Tilden said to Mulloy.

Mulloy demurred. He was not anxious to see the old guy embarrassed by the world's amateur champion, but Tilden persisted, so Mulloy finally gave in. Tilden went out and pulverized Schroeder 6–2, 6–2.

"How did you do that, Bill?" Mulloy asked, amazed.

"I never lose to people I hate," Tilden snapped, and then he turned and walked off.

Big Bill was a jumble of contradictions. Far from being the homosexual dandy, he was a sloppy dresser, wearing cheap dark suits that were always formless and often dirty. All his life he was forgetful when it came to getting things cleaned, including himself, and since he had a compulsion about not appearing nude in the locker room—men who played with him for years never saw him undraped—it was difficult for him to shower even when he remembered to.

He trained, as he lived, strictly by his own peremptory rules. For instance, he could not abide soft drinks, so he declared that they caused gas and cut your wind. Yet he drank potfuls of burning hot coffee, and for six months a year, most years, he chain-smoked. Since he enjoyed cigarettes, he announced that they had no effect whatsoever on wind. Even though he dined out almost every day of his adult life, he ate, as he dressed, prosaically. Such dishes as fish and chicken were too exotic for Tilden, so it was steak, meal after meal, with a barrel of coffee, fruit salad, a mound of potatoes, a green vegetable, a large salad and an even larger portion of ice cream. He was mad about ice cream. Often he would devour such a meal an hour or so before he played, explaining that players need "fuel" for long matches. He just played his own sweet game.

While gluttony and tobacco were most acceptable, Tilden was apoplectic on the subject of liquor. Both his father and an older brother, Herbert, whom he idolized, liked to have a few with the boys and, despite little evidence (almost none in Herbert's case) that drinking had had anything to do with their deaths, Tilden became convinced that it had played a part, and he not only was a teetotaler but was capable of delivering harangues on the subject.

In his fiction, the evils of demon rum are one of a set of recurring themes. *Glory's Net*, a novel published in 1930, is Tilden's most personal document and, sure enough, the tennis champion hero, David Cooper, sees his marriage and career start to crumble because of an occasional highball. Worse, his younger brother Billy, who is "a little fresh but not a bit evil-minded as kids go today. . . not a consistent necker," accepts a drink at a "queer little café in Montmartre." Mary, David's soupy small-town wife, whom he met at a church picnic, says, "Oh Billy, you mustn't touch liquor. Look what it does to David." Happily, David at last perceives the folly of his ways. "A fellow who drinks is a damn fool," David tells Billy, "and believe me, I know."

This world of extremes, of all right or all wrong, extended to people as well as habits. Those whom Tilden loved were lavished with gifts and devotion; he never had any regard for money and was an uncommonly generous man, wholly taken by the few close relationships his arrogant,

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED OTNES

dominant personality permitted Frank Hunter, his doubles partner for many years, was perhaps the only contemporary male whom Tilden was ever close to, and they made an odd couple. Hunter, a New York liquor executive, was something of a bounder, and while Tilden regularly hectored him for chasing women and drinking, he would permit no one else to criticize Hunter. He and Hunter called themselves "The Smartys" and if Tilden got annoyed at Hunter, he would say, "Smarty, you give me that indescribable irk"—driving the other players in the locker room up the wall.

The extent of Tilden's devotion to principle and his friend were revealed in 1927 when his favorite villain, the USLTA, made the mistake of using Hunter to cross Tilden. Led by its majordomo, Julian (Mike) Myriek, the USLTA ordered U.S. Davis Cup Captain Chuck Garland to use Dick Williams and Tilden in the Challenge Round doubles against the French, notwithstanding the fact that Tilden and Hunter were Wimbledon champions and clearly the class doubles team of the country. When Tilden learned of the decision on the morning of the match, he replied that he would play with Hunter or not at all. "Mr. Tilden, you will follow instructions," he was ordered.

"Gentlemen," Tilden announced, "I will be playing bridge, and when you have decided to name Mr. Hunter as my partner, come and inform me."

Periodically, as the time for the match drew nearer, the USLTA officials would approach the card table, with increasing timidity. At last, desperate, they pleaded with him. "You're interrupting our game," Tilden replied. The crowd was already settling into its seats when the USLTA finally gave in and told him he could play with Hunter. "Fine," said Tilden, "I'll dress as soon as we finish this rubber." He and Hunter won in five sets.

Big Bill played bridge most days of his life, often at the club where he was appearing in a tennis tournament. Without family, friends or business, he made the clubs his home. He would show up at 10 in the morning for a late afternoon match, and spend the day at the bridge table or on the courts, practicing or helping young boys. At times, given the slightest encouragement, he would sit and discourse—decree, rather—on tennis. As late as 1914 there were only two teaching professionals in the U.S., and there was simply no question, certainly none in Tilden's mind, that he was not only the best player the world had ever known but the supreme authority as well.

He made a science of the game, mastered every stroke, conceived every stratagem. He could hold forth for an hour or more on how a ball spun. The popular image of his style that still survives, that he was merely a cannonball server pounding away, is completely at variance with the truth. Tilden had three different serves, as he had three different versions of just about every stroke, and in his prime he would employ the cannonball just once or twice a game. It was only when he had aged and had to use the cannonball more often, so he could obtain quick service wins and have energy left for breaking serve, that René Lacoste finally, memorably, beat him. Even then, in 1926, there was an extenuating circumstance: Tilden tore a cartilage in his knee during the match. It was not until the next year, when he was 34, that the Musketeers—Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra, Jacques Brugnon and Lacoste—could fairly deal with him and the U.S. Davis Cup team.

Lacoste, the Crocodile, tracked Big Bill for years, keeping careful book on his every stroke, and he best comprehended Tilden's compelling authority. "He seems to exercise a strange fascination over his opponents as well as his spectators," Lacoste wrote. "Even when he is beaten, Tilden always leaves an impression on the public mind that he is superior to the victor."

Tilden attained his preeminence despite a most ordinary, even desultory, beginning. As late as age 20, when modern champions are already at the threshold of greatness, Tilden could not make the sixth and last singles spot on a very average Penn varsity. As a sophomore he was trounced 6–1, 6–3 in the NCAA qualifying round. Dr. Carl Fischer, one of Tilden's earliest proteges, knew him well during this period. "If you had asked me in 1916-17 if I thought Bill Tilden would ever be national champion, I would have said, 'Whatever would make you ask me a question like that?'" But, astonishingly, he was undisputed champion of the world only three years later.

How did it happen? Well, for one thing, he was at loose ends. He had no family and by then he knew he had no prospect of one. Nor, he realized, had he any future in his first love, music. But he had an inheritance, and stirring in him was a passion for tennis, to master the game and to contribute to it. Years later he wrote with disdain about the tennis he knew as a child: "They played with an air of elegance—a peculiar courtly grace that seemed to rob the game of its thrills. . . . There was a sort of inhumanity about it [and] it annoyed me . . . I believed the game deserved something more vital and fundamental."

"He suddenly determined to be a good tennis player," Carl Fischer says, "but I'm sure he had no concern for anything like the world championship as such. It was the obvious end product, but not the intentional one. Make no mistake, though, that but for this incredible determination, you never would have heard of Bill Tilden. Nobody ever worked so hard at anything as he did at tennis."

Tilden went about building his game piece by piece, almost as a child tries to collect every single bubble-gum card in the set. By 1918, while he served in the ambulance corps in Pittsburgh during World War I and when many of the best players were still overseas, he was good enough to make the finals at Forest Hills, although he lost to Lindsay Murray. The next year he reached the finals again, this time against Little Bill Johnston, the top U.S. player, who was supposed to weigh 125 or 130, but who came in as low as 103 after one match. With a magnificent Western-grip forehand, Johnston pounded Tilden's backhand and routed him in straight sets. The backhand was Big Bill's Achilles' heel; it was a lovely slice but he could not attack with it.

Undismayed, Tilden went to Providence that winter of 1919-20 and lived with the family of Arnold Jones, another of his protegés. Jones' father, an insurance executive, had one of the few indoor courts in the world, and he provided Tilden with the ostensible job of selling policies for Equi-

table while Bill really earned his keep by working out with young Arnold. Tilden concentrated on his own backhand, hitting hard drives, one after another, all day, every day, all winter. The next summer Tilden beat Patterson at Wimbledon, Little Bill at Forest Hills and stood at the summit, quite possibly in command of the finest and most complete game that any man in any sport has ever possessed.

So, as the Roaring Twenties exploded upon America, tennis had its colossus to go with the Sultan of Swat, the Manassa Mauler and all the rest. Tilden was a worldwide celebrity, visiting President Harding, playing bridge with Bernard Baruch and tennis with the Duke of York, going backstage at the Met to see Mary Garden, lavishing $400 worth of flowers on Pola Negri for an opening night, cavorting in Hollywood with Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Big Bill would have been insulted if any promoter had tried to pay him off under the table, but he expected hotel suites and train compartments and favors for his friends. "He traveled like an Indian prince," says Al Laney, who wrote tennis for the New York *Herald-Tribune*. He took to signing autographs "Tilden," and if crowds displeased him, he would threaten to leave the court, which he did at least twice.

He took a suite at the Algonquin, where he could be surrounded by actors, whom he idolized, and then he would forget to check out when he left on long trips and would run up huge bills. He picked up every check, put as much money as thought into presents, and invested the rest of his inheritance in a number of plays and movies, most of them starring himself and all of them flops. Once Tilden played Dracula on Broadway, but even in that role he could not stop being anyone but William Tatem Tilden II. Another problem on the stage was that he felt obliged to learn every part and would frequently mouth the lines being said to him. He instructed photographers how to take his picture, writers how to write and tournament directors what players to invite. He began to speak English with a slight British accent and, soon thereafter, French with a slight German accent.

George Lott, a younger player who despised Tilden and called him Tillie, says, "When Tillie came into a room, it was like a bolt of electricity hit the place. You had the feeling you were in the presence of royalty, and you breathed a sigh of relief when he left for not having ventured any opinions against his."

Tilden believed that he was an actor whose stage was the court, so he would embroil himself in controversy and play the villain to sustain the crowd's interest in his one-sided matches. For amusement, he would play the same style as his opponent: hitting only ground strokes with a baseline player, trading chip shots with a touch artist. When he met Little Bill in the quarterfinals of the 1921 U.S. Nationals, he was irritated because everyone was claiming he had won the year before only because of his big serve. "I'm going to see what I can do without aces," he announced, and whipped Little Bill by trading forehand drives.

In the 1922 finals, the most notable Big Bill–Little Bill confrontation, Johnston was ahead two sets to love and then two sets to one and 3–0 in the fourth. At the crossover, Mike Myrick of the USLTA could not contain his glee. "Well, Bill, it's been a great match," he said smugly.

"It's damn well going to be a great match," Tilden snapped back and he went out and won the next six games and then the fifth set. In the locker room Little Bill was shattered.

A few weeks later Tilden scratched the middle finger of his racket hand on a rusty fence and gangrene set in. He almost lost the whole arm, and he did lose nearly half of the finger. It affected the way he hit almost every stroke, and the stump pained him periodically for the rest of his life, often requiring him to shake hands left-handed, but he adjusted to the loss and followed it with his greatest years. Once he won 57 straight games.

In 1924 Johnston girded himself for one more challenge at Forest Hills and got to the finals without losing a set. By contrast, Tilden had become even more embroiled in various theatrical adventures and looked off form. "Billy's really out to get you," someone said to Tilden after he squeaked by Vinnie Richards in the semis.

"So I've heard," he replied.

"There's a lot of money bet around against you."

"I've heard that, too," Tilden said grimly. Now he was angry because it was being bandied about that he could only beat Little Bill on stamina.

So the next day Big Bill came into the warmup slamming every ball. Little Bill never knew what hit him. Tilden won the first five games, and finished off the match 6–1, 9–7, 6–2.

But along with this spectacular showman and player, this international celebrity, there was at all times another person, this child. At the height of his powers Tilden would return to Philadelphia for months at a time and retreat to his third-floor room in the row house in Germantown where he lived for 25 years with two maiden ladies, his aunt and an older cousin. There, by the hour, he would sit and listen to his music, classical and operatic. "If I had to give up tennis or music," he said, "I would give up tennis."

He also coached tennis, at Germantown Academy one year and at Penn for another, and with his teen-age protégés he would take off on fall and spring weekends in his flashy black Marmon roadster and play small-town exhibitions. He never asked for any money; he just wanted the chance to be with his son figures—players like Vinnie Richards, Carl Fischer, Sandy Wiener, Don Strachan, Junior Coen. People now shake their heads or smirk whenever they hear reference to Tilden and little boys, but, in fact, his paternal instincts overwhelmed any sexual intentions. He never seems to have made advances to his pupils, whom he invariably referred to, each in turn, as "my heir" or "my successor."

"Life would revolve around the friends at that time. He never looked beyond a day ahead or back past 1919, either," says Junior Coen, now a Kansas City investment broker. "He took me and these other little kids and helped us in order to get our comradeship. God knows, everyone needs some friends. Then he moved on, discarded us like products, so to speak, when we could serve no more useful purpose in his life. When I look back, I question whether Bill ever had a real friend."

Increasingly, Tilden became more dogmatic, more set in his ways and in his opinions. His was not a real world any-

continued

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more. "You see, Bill wanted everything to be perfect," says Sandy Wiener, now a retired Detroit executive. In Tilden's tennis fiction, players were faced more often with moral dilemmas than with balky forehands. (Typically: "Had the umpire seen? He turned away with bated breath. He knew by all the ethics of the game he should speak and admit he had touched the net, and yet. . . .")

His nephew and namesake, William Tilden III, a New York financial executive, says, "Uncle Bill's problem was that he never grew up. He always saw everything in black and white, and he felt down in his heart that people who were wrong deserved to be punished."

Curiously, when it came to evaluating players he was often much too generous. Cochet was taciturn and somewhat lazy, but he could hit the ball early, on the rise, and for that Tilden came to vastly overrate him and even to play him tentatively. Many times he graciously said that the best he ever played was in a loss to Lacoste, suggesting that his very best was surpassed by another man's.

Lacoste and then Cochet defeated Tilden in 1926 after he seriously injured his knee. But the next year they beat him four more times, all in close, even disputed, matches, but proving that at age 34 he was at last vulnerable. That fall of 1927, after Tilden and Hunter put the U.S. ahead of the French 2–1 in the Challenge Round at the Germantown Cricket Club, Tilden met Lacoste in the fourth match. Cochet had carried Big Bill to four sets two days before and Borotra and Brugnon, lobbing, prolonging every rally from the baseline, had made Tilden go five sets in the doubles the previous day. The picadors had done their job, and Lacoste was ready to devour Tilden, suddenly grown old, in the final match. Tilden-Lacoste was for the cup. Big Bill was 34, the Crocodile 23 and Tilden knew he had to win quickly, if at all.

He came out firing the hard one, which is what the Musketeers wanted. Suzanne Lenglen, the Maid Marvel, had told them, "If you don't make him use that cannonball, he'll be 60 before you beat him." Lacoste set out to keep everything in play. "The monotonous regularity with which that unsmiling, drab, almost dull, man returned the best I could hit . . . often filled me with a wild desire to throw my racket at him," Tilden wrote later. In the first set Lacoste did not hit a single winner, but he won it 6–3, as Tilden aimed for the lines and rushed the net. The American did win the second set 6–4, but Lacoste closed out a tiring old man from there.

There were 15,186 people jammed into Germantown. Although it was his home club, Tilden had generally not been the spectators' favorite there once he had established his superiority. But now, as he strode from the court, head bowed, alone in defeat, the people began to rise and cheer him. Many began to cry for him. Tilden, totally unfamiliar with this response, was, for once, at a loss as an actor. At last he thought to raise his hands above his head, like a boxing champ, and received another tumultuous roar.

Lacoste was so emotionally spent by the whole experience, by the fulfillment of his great quest, that when he watched the final match, sitting with Tilden in hot sunshine, he wore two sweaters and an overcoat against a nervous chill. Johnston was making his last major appearance, and he was no match for the young, indefatigable Cochet. "God bless you, Little Bill," a woman called down near the end to the pitiful tiny figure, and people began to cry again. The cup had passed abroad after seven years. "At Philadelphia," Lacoste explained to the French people upon his triumphant return, "Tilden could not be beaten by one player; he was beaten by a team."

Tilden was to win Forest Hills again, in 1929, and Wimbledon the following July, at age 37, but his final great amateur match, in a sense his most amazing victory of all, came under the most exceptional circumstances in the spring of 1928 in the first French defense of the cup. The stadium at Roland Garros had been constructed specifically as a place where people could watch the Musketeers take on Tilden. Then, just days before the match, with the money in the till, the USLTA decided that since the Americans had no chance, now was the time to get Tilden.

Before he became champion Tilden had been a reporter for the Philadelphia *Ledger*, covering sports and theater. On forms, under "occupation," he would list himself as a newspaperman. All during the '20s, as the USLTA bristled, he was paid to write tennis columns. Now the USLTA invoked the spirit of pure amateurism and banned the unchaste Tilden.

Not only did the other members of the U.S. team rush to cable columns for their newspapers, but the story was Page One in Europe and the U.S.-Franco-American relations were threatened. Prodded by President Coolidge, the U.S. ambassador to France, Myron Herrick, ironed out a deal which allowed the French to see Big Bill by delaying his suspension until Forest Hills.

Tilden did not know about this. Furious at his ban but glorying in his new role as a certified international martyr, delivering impassioned speeches to a grateful world press, Tilden was utterly flabbergasted when the Ambassador rose at the luncheon the day before the matches and announced, "Mr. Tilden is going to play." He rushed out to the courts with Junior Coen and practiced for the first time in days. "He was practically hysterical," Coen says. "He couldn't hit a damn thing so, finally, he just stormed off."

Tilden drew Lacoste in the opening match and was posted a 2 to 1 underdog. Lacoste had won their previous four meetings and now he had Tilden on his home court, before a manic Gallic crowd and a swirling wind. Lacoste won the first set 6–1, and it looked like a breeze for the Frenchman. But then Tilden threw his big game out the window and started slicing every ball. As steady as Lacoste was, Tilden outsteadied him. Each ball Lacoste hit came back, spinning like a Frisbee. Suddenly, Lacoste found himself playing a better Lacoste. On the slow clay, teetering toward exhaustion, the old man won in five sets. Lott was so excited he jumped out of the stands and lost a bracelet he had just bought for his girl. To this day in awe of what he saw, he calls it "a display of versatility that has never been equalled."

In the locker room Lacoste slumped, confused and despairing, and cried. "Two years ago I knew at last how to beat him," he said. "Now, on my own court, he beats me. I never knew how the ball would come off the racket, he concealed it so. I had to wait to see how much it was spinning,

continued

and sometimes it didn't spin at all. Is he not the greatest player of them all?"

Despite having vowed often that he would never turn pro, Tilden signed in 1931, and promptly—typically—became the most ardent professional in the world. The Tilden Tennis Tour that first year was little more than his own triumphal procession, and in succeeding years the amateur champions—Cochet, Vines, Perry—were shoved out on the stage, mere ingenues, to appear with the old idol. It seems to have been largely incidental who won or lost; the point was to show people Big Bill.

The enterprise was profitable, even if Tilden was an atrocious businessman; he was so generous that he often gave back guarantees to promoters whose matches did not draw so well. Nonetheless, although Tilden grossed $100,000 or so in Depression dollars for several years in the '30s, he was running into financial problems by the end of the decade. His father's inheritance, often referred to as a fortune, was in fact no more than $80,000. By now, Tilden's aunt had died and his cousin had moved to England, so he had lost his room, as well as most ties to Germantown. He continued to spend profligately and invest whimsically. In 1939 he came back to the U.S. only after Vinnie Richards, then a Dunlop executive, agreed to pay off both the IRS and a $2,329 bill at the Algonquin Hotel.

Significantly, it was during this period, after he had left the international limelight, that he became more active homosexually—though, as always, only with teen-age boys. While there is no evidence that Tilden was ever blackmailed, some incidents were hushed up and the Tilden Tennis Tour prudently avoided a number of cities. There is a widely held story, unsubstantiated, that he was severely thrashed by a father in Philadelphia. Certainly, he grew much less circumspect, especially after a couple of visits to *Cabaret* Germany. For the first time Tilden saw homosexuality out in the open, even tolerated in some circles, and it relaxed his puritan instincts.

Suddenly, a traveling ball boy became a staple on the tour. Usually the teen-ager in that role was German, and always he would travel alone with Big Bill in his blue Buick sedan or share a train compartment with him. One morning, while the other players were sitting in the observation car, Tilden came running up to them, distraught. He said he was going to throw himself off the train. "We all grabbed him," Lott recalls, "not because we cared whether Tillie jumped or not but because he was our bread and butter."

They calmed him down and asked him what was the matter. "Fritzi's locked me out of the compartment," Tilden said, nearly sobbing.

A few days later, at a hotel, he came into the lobby where a few of the players were sitting. This time he was all smiles. "Fritzi did the cutest thing this morning," he said.

"What?" someone asked, hardly looking up.

"Before I woke up he took $400 off my bureau and went out and bought himself a watch," Tilden said. That was how a great deal of the money went.

Occasionally during this period, Tilden began to allude to his situation, and in a couple of instances spoke passionately in defense of homosexuality. This man of high honor and wrathful righteousness was at last coming to grips with the strange thing within him that society considered illegal and sinful. His walk and some hand movements became more effeminate, but he was no less the player, no less the star. It was still, as ever, Tilden and Tennis.

In June of 1939, with the war hovering in the wings, Tilden, age 46, was included when a new tour began in London, at Wembley, and when he played, Al Laney, his old nemesis, was moved to write, almost lyrically: "Before Budge was born Tilden was a great player [and] the fire is still there, and the cunning and the showmanship. . . . He came to play Budge, the greatest player of the day, for the first time, with the air of a master about to give a lesson to a promising pupil. He strode majestically onto the court and made you feel, in spite of yourself, a bit sorry for Budge. . . . All through the match it was Tilden you were watching, and not Budge. When it was over, he strode off the court as if he were the victor. . . .

"[And then] he was out there giving 20 years to Vines and beating him, outhitting the hardest hitter in the game. Yes, outhitting Vines. He won 6–3, 10–8, and when he came safely past match point with as hard a forehand drive to the corner as any player ever made, they nearly tore the house down. They shouted and stamped on the floor and told him there was no one like him and never had been. They were right about that, too, and it was sweet music to the old gentleman's ears.

"Tilden has made more money out of tennis in his time than anyone else, but they say he is broke now, willing to play anywhere for anything from 50 bucks up. So they're taking him along on this tour. They should be glad he's going along because they're lucky to have him. . . . The old guy is not through yet, by a long shot."

But he was. There were to be very few more glory days and many more sad ones, so that in the end much of his accomplishment was dimmed and much of his memory clouded. Tilden's niece, Miriam Ambrose, daughter of his brother Herbert, has written a lovely encomium entitled, "My Father's Brother." It talks of love and faith and days long gone, and it also includes these thoughts:

"In essence, none of us really begin on the date of our birth, the forces that contrive us having long been present; nor do we exactly complete ourselves at the hour of our death, leaving as we do lingering impressions that fade slowly from people's minds. Something of Uncle Bill was evolving in our predecessors from a time nobody can pinpoint, and his having moved through our midst stimulated emotions and reactions in us that are still engaging . . . In our [family's] view, not much of what is generally known about him actually inspired his superlative tennis. . . . Somewhere in the past, in his home, in his school, among the people who nurtured him, lies the key to the complexities that enabled him to do just one thing better than anyone else could do it."

What did make this strange man great?

NEXT WEEK

A look at the early years that set Tilden on his course to supremacy and, eventually, to his ruin.

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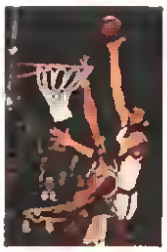

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 30—Jan. 5

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA All is back to normal in the Atlantic Division as the Boston Celtics moved into first place behind consecutive romps over Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles while Buffalo was losing six of seven. John Havlicek replaced Hal Greer as the fifth-leading scorer in NBA history when he hit a pair of free throws against the Lakers that gave him 21,587 points in his 13-year career. Walt Frazier scored eight of his game-high 32 points in overtime to beat Phoenix—and all six Knick steals were his. Two nights later Frazier's 20 foot jump shot at the buzzer gave the Knicks a 103–102 victory over Cleveland, which has lost Austin Carr for two months because of knee surgery. Detroit took the lead in the Midwest Division by holding off runner-up Chicago with an 86–81 triumph. New Orleans, which has been having attendance and victory problems, Buffalo and Philadelphia also fell to the Pistons. Dave Bing's 28 points and a stingy defense decided the 76er game. Milwaukee won four games, too, including a 116–111 defeat of Atlanta in which goggle-eyed Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored 52 points, tops in the league this season. Kansas City-Omaha failed to keep pace in the Midwest Division, managing to beat only Portland. The Trail Blazers have played their last 17 games without Bill Walton, who was undergoing acupuncture treatments for a bone spur in his right foot. Golden State held its Pacific Division lead by beating the Kings and the Central Division leader, Washington. The Bullets kept Cleveland at bay with a 103–90 win while Houston's balanced scoring stopped the Los Angeles Lakers 120–107.

ABA San Antonio's Swen Nater had played in the shadow of Bill Walton at UCLA, but he's in this league all by himself and in the spotlight as he led it in rebounding. Nater had 27 rebounds and George Gervin pumped in 27 points as the Spurs outrebounded Indiana 61-29 to win 140–105. Still, San Antonio lost three games and fell farther behind West Division leader Denver (*page 22*) as Denver (2-0) maintained its heady pace. Kentucky started out the week with a 125–114 victory over Memphis and ended with a 125–111 win over the Spurs. The Colonels also won their other two games to hold a percentage lead over New York in the East. The Nets, too, went undefeated in three games. A balanced attack paced by John Williamson enabled them to beat Memphis 128–119. St. Louis and Virginia also fell victims to the defending league champs. The primer impounded San Diego's press brochures in lieu of payment and other businesses are demanding cash in advance, but Wilt Chamberlain's old team managed three wins, including a 143–118 drubbing of Memphis. Indiana also lost to Utah, which climbed to third place in the West.

BOWLING—DORIS COBURN reeled off three straight strikes in the final frame to beat Patty Costello 216–214 and earn $12,500 for capturing the $85,000 Red Crown Classic in Baltimore. BARRY ASHER overcame top-seeded Mickey Higham 236–188 to win $7,000 and the $60,000 Alameda Open title.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Neither the fumbles of Ohio State's Archie Griffin nor an injury to Southern Cal's Anthony Davis dulled the excitement of the 61st Rose Bowl, won by the Trojans 18–17 on a 38-yard pass from Pat Haden to Johnny McKay followed by a two-point conversion pass to Shelton Diggs (*page 24*). Ara Parseghian went out a winner as Notre Dame beat Alabama 13–11 in the Orange Bowl, leaving Bear Bryant with an 0-7-1 record in his last eight bowl games. Penn State captured the Cotton Bowl from Baylor 41–20 on the two-touchdown heroics of Wingback Jimmy Cefalo and Nebraska defeated Florida 13–10 in the Sugar Bowl. The East built a 26–6 halftime lead and went on to beat the West 34–25 in the Hula Bowl.

HOCKEY—NHL After alternating between third and last place in the Patrick Division, the New York Rangers claimed the runner-up spot behind Philadelphia by posting four impressive wins. Ranger rookies Rick Middleton and Ron Greschner scored to start a four-goal second-period rally that led to a 6–2 trouneing of Chicago. The Flyers beat both Adams Division leader Buffalo and Smythe Division leader Vancouver but ended up the week with a 2–2 tie in California against the Norris Division runner-up Los Angeles Kings. Montreal held onto the Norris lead by virtue of a 10–0 rout of Washington and a 1–1 tie with Atlanta. The Flames' only victory came against St. Louis, snapping a six-game home winning streak for the Blues. Pierre Larouche touched off a five-goal final period that brought Pittsburgh back from a two-goal deficit and on to a 6–3 victory over the Minnesota North Stars. Minnesota, Buffalo and, of course, Washington were winless during the week. The New York Islanders disappointed many of the 14,865 cheering fans at Nassau Coliseum when the Rangers prevailed 5–3. Toronto's 6–3 defeat of Chicago stretched their home undefeated skein to six but was their only victory during the week. Boston won twice as Phil Esposito picked up his league-leading 37th goal of the season in a penalty-marred win over Los Angeles. Detroit beat the Seals but lost to another tailender, Kansas City.

WHA The defending champion Houston Aeros reeled off their fifth and sixth straight wins, dumping the Michigan Stags 6–3 and 5–2. Four of the top 10 scorers in the WHA are Aeros. After a pair of losses to the Minnesota Fighting Saints and a 4–3 New Year's Eve defeat by Chicago, Cleveland Crusader Coach John Hanna had a request for 1975. "I'm going to hope for an eight- or nine-goal game so we can loosen up and start thinking we can score." Four goals were enough for the Crusaders to whip Indianapolis later in the week but Hanna wasn't around for a 2–0 loss to San Diego. He was fired and replaced by General Manager Jack Vivian. Toronto was winless for the week as East leader New England beat both the Toros and Vancouver. Phoenix had a busy week, escaping with two ties and one victory. Winnipeg didn't play anybody but Edmonton had two overtime victories and Quebec won twice and took over first in the Canadian Division.

HORSE RACING: SINGH ($6.40), a son of Bold Ruler, ridden by Eddie Maple, won the one-mile $55,700 Peter Pan Stakes in 1:35⅕ by seven lengths over Majestic Dne at Aqueduct.

RICH SUN ($22), with Ruben Hernandez riding, beat two other long shots, Lee Gary and Top Horn, to take the 1⅛-mile $64,000 Dade Turf Classic in 1:43 at Miami's Calder Race Course.

TRACK & FIELD—MARK WINZENRIED bettered the American indoor record for the 600-meter run by half a second, with a 1:18.3 in England's Cosford Games.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: JACK PARDEE, as head coach of the NFL Chicago Bears. Pardee, a former *linebacker* for the Los Angeles Rams and Washington Redskins, was coach of the WFL's Florida Blazers last season.

RETIRED: FLOYD WAGSTAFF, as basketball coach of Tyler (Texas) Junior College. Staying on as athletic director, he was the winningest junior college basketball coach in history.

SIGNED: JIM (Catfish) HUNTER, to a reported $3.75 million five-year contract with the New York Yankees, making the 28-year-old righthander the highest-paid player in the game. Hunter was declared a free agent when Oakland A's Owner Charles O. Finley failed to honor portions of his contract.

DIED: JEFF WRIGHT, 22, a top prospect for the U.S. Winter Olympic team, fatally injured practicing for a ski jumping meet, in Brattleboro, Vt.

DIED: DON WILSON, 29, pitcher for the Houston Astros, found asphyxiated in his automobile, in Houston. Wilson had two no-hitters in his nine-year career and had an 11-13 record in 1974.

DIED: KEN LOEFFLER, 72, a member of basketball's Hall of Fame, who coached La Salle College to the NIT championship in 1952 and the NCAA crown in 1954; of an apparent heart attack, in Rumson, N.J.

CREDITS

4—Lane Stewart. 22, 23—Heinz Kluetmeier. 24, 25—Rich Clarkson (2), John Iacono. 26—Rich Clarkson. 33—Heinz Kluetmeier. 34, 35—John Iacono (2), Sheedy & Long, Walter Iooss Jr. 36, 37—Heinz Kluetmeier. 38, 39—Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier (3). 40, 41—John Iacono, Heinz Kluetmeier (2). 43–45—Michael Brennan. 46—AP. 48—Neil Leifer; 61—Ken Yimm Palo Alto Times, Bill Anstell-Albuquerque Journal.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CEIL MacLAURIN, of Savannah, won the Georgia Women's Golf Association title for the third straight year and six out of the last seven. MacLaurin's rounds of 74-75-76-76 gave her a 17-stroke victory. She won the first of her 10 GWGA titles in 1952.

BARON GOFF, 14, of Brooklyn, set three Public School Athletic League freshman cross-country records at Van Cortlandt Park: 1¼-mile (6:05.1), 1½ (8:26.5) and 2½ (13:44). Last year he bettered U.S. age-group records in the half mile and the mile.

PAUL JONES, a senior running back at Archbishop Mitty High in San Jose, Calif., broke 10 West Catholic Athletic League records this season while gaining 2,210 yards, scoring 32 touchdowns and leading his team to an 11-1 season and a league championship.

MARK KLEIN, a junior guard on the Malone College (Canton, Ohio) basketball team, hit on 26 straight field goals in three games. In a six-game stretch, Klein also converted 24 straight free throws. For 11 games this season, he has a field-goal-accuracy mark of 66%.

JACKIE SMITH, an eighth-grader at Easton (Pa.) Junior High, set an American Junior Bowling Congress all-time individual game bantam girls' record with a 290. Earlier games of 168 and 151 gave her a series of 609, 15th highest on the AJBC list for her class.

KIM JONES, a fifth-grader at Chelwood elementary school in Albuquerque, and the national 10-year-old champion in one-meter diving, was voted the New Mexico AAU Diver of the Year. Kim is undefeated in her specialty for the past two years.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

PITTSBURGH'S VICTORY

Sir:

If Dan Jenkins believes that Miami vs. Oakland was Super Bowl VIII½ (*For Openers, Super Bowl VIII½*, Dec. 23), then I hope he also believes that Pittsburgh vs. Oakland was Super Bowl VIII¾. Jenkins seemed to have counted the Steelers out a little too soon

TOM CYNKAR

Pittsburgh

TO WIN OR NOT TO WIN

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's article spanning the years 1954-74 (*Way To Go, and the Way It Went*, Dec. 23) really hit home. His section about the reformed sportswriter who now cares very little about winning reminds me of some local sportswriters. I wish I had a nickel for each time I have seen them decry "the winning is everything" attitude one day and the next day complain about the refereeing at a certain game. Fimrite deserves all of the plaudits I'm sure he will receive for this article.

TOM RAFFERTY

Springfield, Pa.

Sir:

It's about time we asked ourselves why it is so necessary to win. The pursuit of victory is never satisfied by victory alone. Its joys are always overshadowed by the fear that next time one will fail and thus descend into that lowly category of loser. Oh, what a horrible end for such a noble warrior! He did battle with the gods and emerged a mere mortal. The seasoned "loser," on the other hand, has only one wish, that he will enjoy himself. To some it seems a far less glorious goal than winning and yet to me it is all that matters.

I congratulate SI and William O. Johnson for a fine article on the most important topic, the future of sport (*From Here to 2000*, Dec. 23). It deals with the very meaning of sport today, or with the meaning we have allowed sport to take on. May the Never Never Game exist forever.

ANDREW GUIDI

Lockeford, Calif.

Sir:

Just as there is a win syndrome in this country, there is also a nonwin syndrome. Each has its extremist viewpoint: Vince Lom-

continued

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bardi's "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing" vs. George Leonard's "Winning is not only not everything, winning is not *anything*." Surely there is also a middle ground.

There is, moreover, a difference between the proponents of these divergent views. The "winning is everything" man is not concerned with what his opponent or the public thinks of him. The "winning is not anything" man is a missionary. To him, winning is evil. He cannot believe that one can strive to win and still enjoy the game, and, yes, even be prepared to be a good loser.

We are being fed "don't keep score" medicine in ever-increasing doses, as if it were something new. Organized and impromptu games have always existed side by side. Some people have always played tennis and golf for the sake of the exercise. Kids still go to the park with a bat and ball and choose up sides. In fact, the best players are usually those who play sandlot games when an organized game is not scheduled or after the season ends.

Winning is not evil. It is a logical and integral part of the game. Playing the game to the utmost of one's capabilities, however, is equally important. It is indeed better to have played fairly and lost than not to have played at all, but having been good enough to win is even better. Laying aside the psychological and sociological arguments, winning is positive, losing is negative. In fact, losing isn't anything. But to each his own.

CHARLES T. SESS

Jersey City

RICK AND THE WARRIORS

Sir:

Ron Reid's article on Rick *Barry*, the Golden State Warriors and General Manager Dick Vertlieb (*The Golden State of Rick Barry*, Dec. 16) was as exciting as the brand of basketball the team has played this year. As a native Baltimorean and lifelong NBA and Bullets fan now stationed in Northern California, I've become caught up in the excitement of this year's Warriors. Last season I went to Golden State games to see the other teams, but this year I drive the 180 miles round-trip to Oakland to see the Warriors and the "new" Rick Barry, who seems a sure bet to be named the NBA's Most Valuable Player.

FRED BURMAN
Captain, USAF

Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:

Who says the "new chemistry" won't "prove potent enough" to bring Golden State the NBA title this year? I think the Warriors have finally stumbled onto a successful formula.

JOHN COSTELLO

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

PRO POOL

Sir:

Walter Tevis' piece *Coolest Hand with a Cue* (Dec. 16) was exceptionally well written, even by SI's high standards. Earlier this month I had the pleasure of covering the Florida leg of the Pabst-Brunswick 14.1 continuous pool championship at the University of Florida. It was sports action at its best, made all the more enjoyable because of its esoteric nature. But the 500 or so fans who packed the ballroom of the student union for the finals were not there for esoterica. They came to see good pool, and they got it.

Let's have more stories on pro pool. Monday Night Billiards might not be such a far-fetched dream after all.

STAN DARDEN

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

I was shocked to see you mention Monday Night Billiards as a dream of pool sharks. Not that I have anything against pool, but if the No. 1 sport in the form of the WFL can't hack it, how in the world would billiards ever survive?

ROBERT KNOX

Phoenix

BIKE POWER

Sir:

In the SCORECARD item "Wheels That Take Wing" (Dec. 16) you state that there are few forms of transportation as inefficient as the bicycle. This simply is not true. Dr. Vance A. Tucker, a research professor at Duke University, did a study on modern forms of transportation and concluded that the 10-speed bicycle is the most efficient means of modern travel. A bicycle uses *half* the energy required to walk the same distance, and a bicycle uses 92 times less energy than a Cadillac traveling at 55 mph and 48 times less energy than a Volkswagen traveling at the same speed.

You also state that eventually somebody will go 100 mph on a bike. In 1941 the late Alfred Letourneur, a six-day rider of the old school, rode a specially built Schwinn Paramount at 108.97 mph. Recently Dr. Allen Abbott of California went 138.674 mph at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. Both Letourneur and Abbott rode behind an automobile equipped with a shield to help break the wind.

JAMES MRUK
Staff Writer
Schwinn Reporter

Chicago

BOWLS BESMIRCHED

Sir:

Hats off to John Underwood for his outstanding article (*Bowl-Bound and Bowled Over*, Dec. 23) on the ridiculous bowl setup. It was true to form and greatly appreciated. One has to wonder about the lead-

continued

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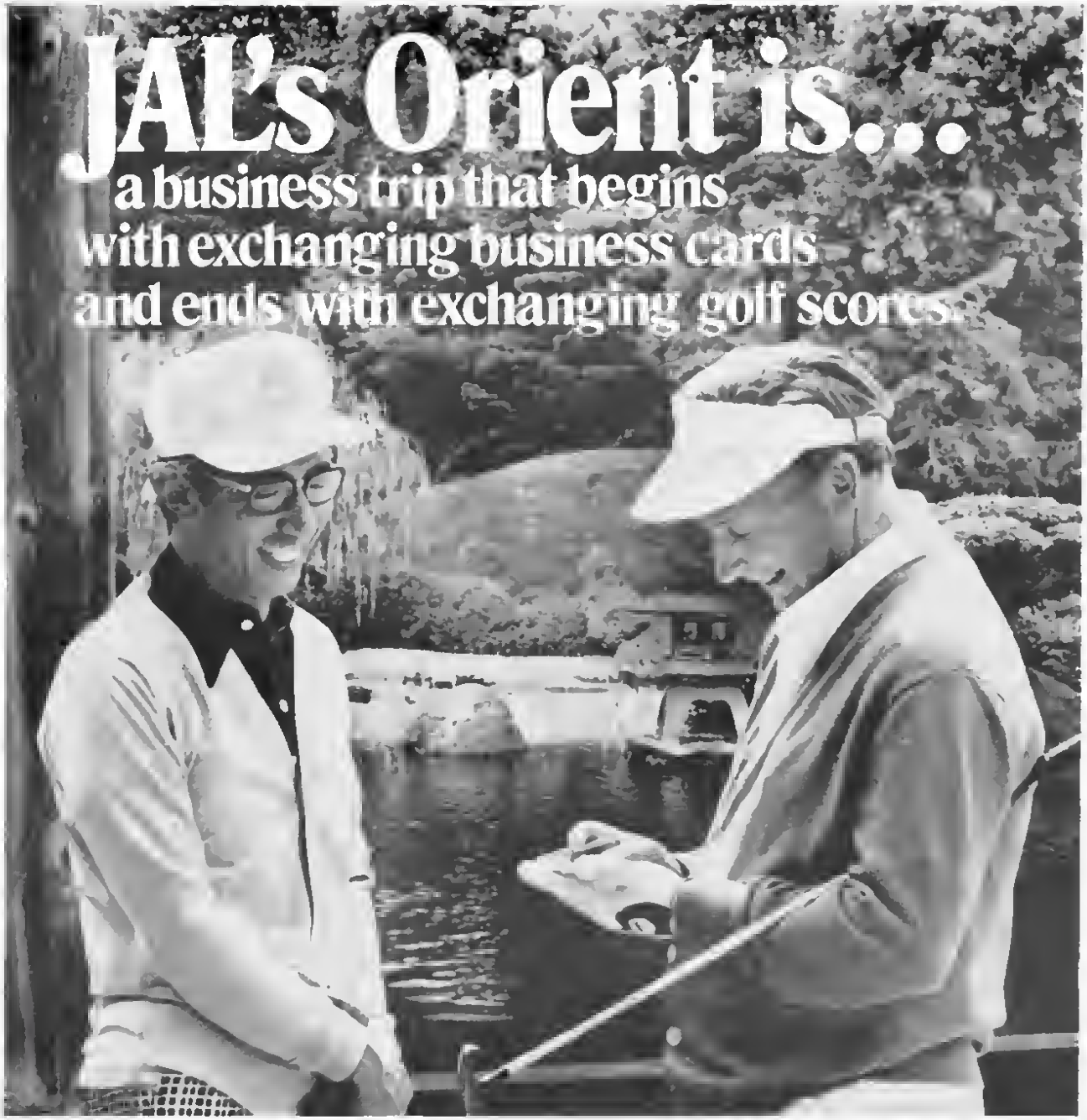

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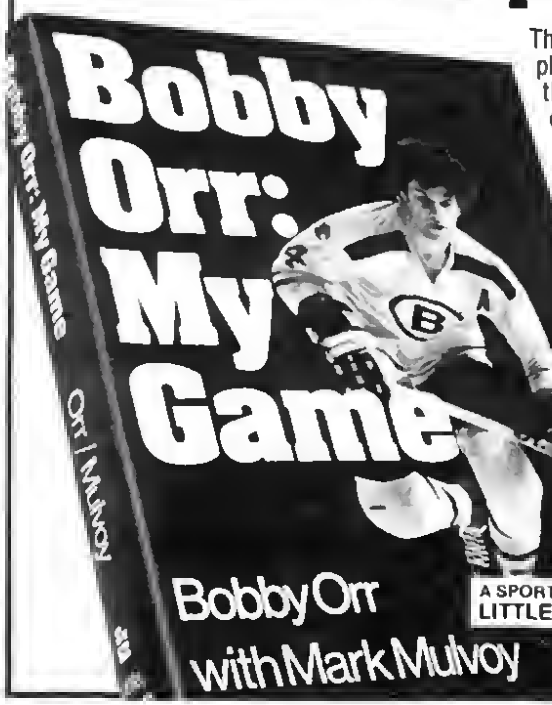

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ership in the Big Ten from Commissioner Wayne Duke and the athletic directors under him and the old-fashioned policies they seem to follow. I'm sure there are a few seniors on this year's Michigan team who have wondered about it for three years.

GARY SABO

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

John Underwood's comparison of Big Ten and Southeastern Conference records with respect to outside conference competition is a lot like comparing apples and oranges. Of the 30 games the Big Ten played out of league, 11 were against teams that were ranked in the Top 20 at the time the games were played. The SEC played 50 out-of-league games and only four opponents were ranked. While lesser-regarded Big Ten teams were upsetting ranked powers like Nebraska, UCLA and Notre Dame, SEC teams were taking turns beating UT-Chattanooga, Florida State and Memphis State. Yes, seven SEC teams went to bowl games, but at least three of these teams got to go because they guaranteed ticket sales to bowls held in the southeast U.S., not because they distinguished themselves on the playing field.

WALLY MAHLUM

Hill AFB, Utah

Sir:

I would like to congratulate the NCAA on its fine job of selecting the Camellia Bowl in Sacramento as the site for the Division II college football national championship between Central Michigan and Delaware, which Central Michigan won 54–14.

Both teams traveled thousands of miles at great expense to their respective universities, and I'm sure they were thrilled to find they would get to play in a crumbling stadium, with an expressway overpass at one end and without a blade of grass on the field. The selection of such superior facilities must have taken a great deal of time and effort.

JIM NEFF

Cadillac, Mich.

EYES HAVE IT

Sir:

You say (SCORECARD, Dec. 23), "Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has resorted to goggles to forestall further scratching of his retina."

The writer obviously meant cornea not retina, the cornea being the outermost vulnerable area that could be scratched. A deep penetration of the eye would have to occur in order to affect the retina.

IRVIN GOLDSTEIN

Louisville, Ky.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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